THE MILLER OF GLANMIRE

BY
CON. T.
MURPHY.

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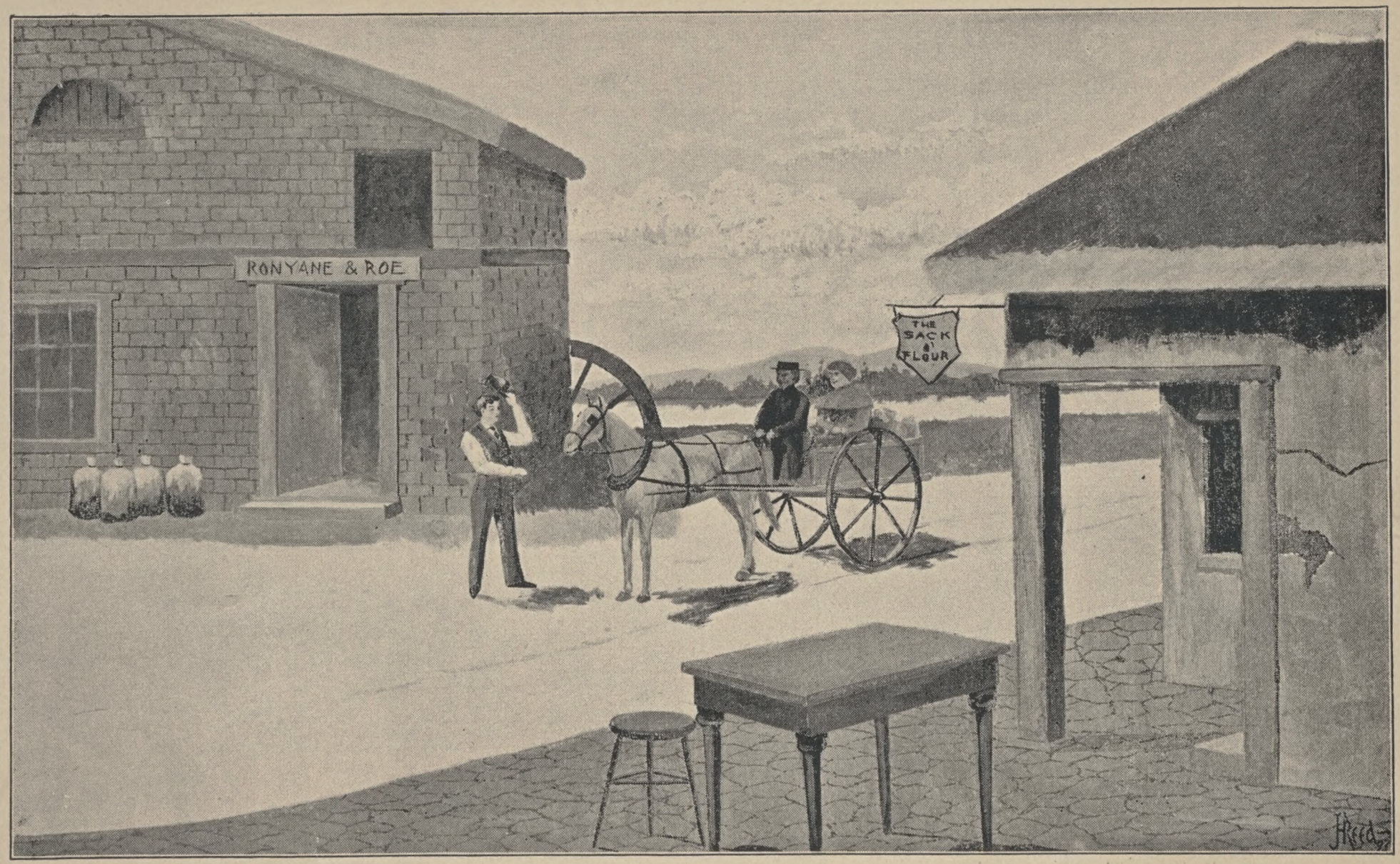

"Good morning, Schoolmaster!" "Glad to see you, Miss McCabe."—*p. 19.*

THE MILLER OF GLANMIRE

AN

IRISH STORY

BY

CON T. MURPHY

Author of the following plays:
"Ivy Leaf," "Fairies' Well," "Killarney,"
"Gamekeeper," Etc., Etc.

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THE MILLER OF GLANMIRE.

AN IRISH STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE MILL AND THE SACK O' FLOUR.

On the Lower Glanmire road, about four miles from the city of Cork, and within a stone's throw of the river Lee, stands the flouring mill of Ronyane & Roe. A mill of no great pretensions, or large dimensions, but yet it does a thriving business.

To the south of the mill, and from the hills in the west, flows a stream of water, deep, clear, and drinkable, which ends its rapid downward course in the beautiful river Lee, and is known as the "Millers' Luck," as it continuously turns the old mill wheel, and—like an Irishman when he has money—never goes dry, thereby turning many an

honest shilling into the pocket of honest Jerry Roe, the miller.

Opposite the mill, on a gentle eminence, you may read over the door of a low, thatched cabin, these words: "The Sack O' Flour." It is a Shebeen, or tap room, and, being the only one in the immediate neighborhood, where a poor boy can get a drop o' mountain dew, many a hard earned shilling is exchanged for the "seducin' crathur," by Toby O'Keefe, or as he is called both near and far, "Smilin' Tobe."

One bright morning in the fall of 1886, Jerry Roe was standing looking up the lane, or short cut as it is called, that leads from the middle, to the lower Glanmire road and past the old mill. He is a man of 55, with iron gray hair, hale and hearty, with an honest look in his large gray eyes, and an honest heart beating under his flour-covered waistcoat. Rich and poor honor and respect Jerry Roe, the miller of Glanmire.

Outside the mill door, seated on a pile of sacks, reading the Cork Examiner, is a much younger man, perhaps 27 or 28 years of age, nearly six foot tall, with dark hair, a handsome face, and the physique of an athlete.

This is Neil Brandon, the book-keeper and confidential man of the firm of Ronyane & Roe.

"Not a thing in sight," said Roe, as he advanced towards Neil. "What's the news this mornin' Nale?"

"Not a thing," said Neil, "would you like to see the paper?" offering it to him.

"No, I'd rather see the whate; its not comin' as fast as I'd like; I'm afeared we'll be several barrels short on our order."

"It's only Monday morning" replied Neil rising. "The farmers will be coming in as thick as hops before the week is past."

"They can't come too thick or fast for me," said Jerry, "but Nale, boy, don't lave them go by. Empty their carts no matter how full they may be."

"Never fear, they'll go home with empty carts, but pockets filled."

"That's right, Nale; that's right, but 'tis dry work waitin' for them, so I think I'll go in the Sack O' Flour, an' have a pint o' porter." As he got to the door, he turned to Neil, saying: "Won't ye jine me boy?"

"No, Mr. Roe, I might miss a bushel of wheat while I'm in the 'Sack O' Flour.' By

the way, if you find Shamus in there, tell him I'm waiting for him."

"Do ye mane to tell me," and there was anger in Roe's voice, "that he's not at work this mornin'?"

"I haven't set eyes on him as yet," and Neil laughed.

"Well, I'll set the dogs on him," said Jerry, as he left the Shebeen door, and looked up the lane. "Out hurleyin' yesterday, I suppose, and maybe some one smashed his shins for him."

"More likely some one got their shins smashed by him," said Neil.

"No fear of Shamus; why he's one of the best hurlers in Ireland."

"I wish he was one o' the best millers," and Roe sighed, as much as to say, that's a forlorn hope. While Jerry was looking up the short cut for sight of Shamus, or the load of whate, and Brandon had resumed reading his paper. There appeared at the door of the "Sack O' Flour," a queer piece of humanity, about five feet one in height, with a head of hair nearly the size of a shock of ripe oats, and about the same shade. Small, deep-set

eyes of changeable color, according to his humor, fat almost to obesity, his face clean shaven, red as a pipin, and round as the full moon. This was Toby O'Keefe, or Smilin' Tobe, the landlord of the "Sack O' Flour." His glance was an angry one, as it rested on Neil Brandon, but a smile lighted up his big broad face as he saw Jerry Roe. Tobe could smile, and while he smiled, poison you with his liquor. He remained standing in his doorway until he saw Jerry turn to join Brandon, then he retired only to return, as Roe resumed his conversation. "Who knows, Nale, Shamus may become a miller yet, he's young and strong, an' has a good chance in the mill. I don't see anything to hinder him."

"I do," said Neil rising and throwing his paper aside.

"What is it Nale?" asked Roe.

"That which has prevented many a young man in the neighborhood from doing good." And Neil pointed to the "Sack O' Flour." Jerry Roe winced. It was his custom to visit the Shebeen shop three or four times a day, for the proverbial glass, or pint o' porter.

"I'm very dry, is there any water in the

mill," asked Roe.

"Plenty of it," replied Neil, "fresh and clear. Take my word for it, one draught of it will do you more good than all the porter in Smilin' Tobe's cursed shop."

"I think I'll try a taste of it," said Jerry as he entered the mill. O'Keefe, who had been listening, advanced toward Neil with a wicked light in his sunken eyes, and said: "One good turn desarves another, Mr. Nale Brandon."

"That has always been my motto, Mr. Tobe O'Keefe" replied Neil.

"It might be my turn to-morrow. I may surprise ye."

"By doing a good turn," and Neil smiled; "that would be a surprise, not only to me, but to the neighbors."

"What would?" sneered Tobe.

"To see you do a good turn for anyone."

"I could drive many a farmer away from the mill dure wid his cart full o' good whate," snarled Tobe.

"It's many a one you've driven from your own door, with his skin full of bad whisky," said Neil as he walked towards the mill.

"Oh, yer good at preachin'," said Tobe

following him. "'Tis a great pity yer not in orders."

"It is lucky for you that I am not," replied Neil, turning on him. "If I were in orders, let me tell you what my next Sunday's discourse would be. I would advise the people to burn the Sack O' Flour to the ground; and afterwards, drive you far beyond the precincts of Glanmire, to return at your peril."

Tobe laughed. It was a hard, dry laugh, and had the effect of the report of a fowling piece, on the birds perched on the trees near by, for on hearing it, they stopped singing, and took to flight, while Tobe all unconsious of the havoc he had created among the feathery tribe, almost screamed into the ears of Brandon: "Ye wouldn't dare. If ye wor the Bishop himself, I'd defy ye. I've my lase o' the Sack O' Flour, and I pay my license."

"Yes," replied Neil with a sigh. "The lease and the license has made many a home desolate, broken many a heart."

"Bah!" And Smilin' Tobe snapped his finger and thumb. "Broken hearts, or broken heads, is the one to me, as long as there's

liquor galore in the Sack O' Flour. Keep yer sentiment, Mr. Nale Brandon, for yer wather drinkin' friends 'tis out o' place wid me." And with a repetition of his laugh, but not within hearing of the birds, he entered his den.

"Heartless scoundrel," said Neil resuming his seat on the sacks. "*My* water-drinking friends in this neighborhood are few and far between. More's the pity."

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF BALLINAMOCHT.

A SHORT distance from Cork on the upper Glanmire road is the little village of Ballinamocht. I hardly think you will find it on the map, as it is too insignificant to be recognized among the many beautiful suburbs of the second city in Ireland. There is nothing of especial interest to the tourist as he passes through the village on his way to Carigtoohill, or Middleton, save, indeed, it may be the mass of juvenile humanity by which he is assailed, as they crowd around his side car, with the cry: "Sur, sur, if ye plaze, would ye give us a pinny, to pay the schoolmaster for the eddication," or "mam would yer ladyship throw a hay-pinny on the road for to buy a primmer wid the A B C's in it," and indeed it

is many's the penny that is placed in the dirty hand of a Tim, or Mike, or Bryan, to pay for the eddication, and many the half-penny thrown on the road to be scrambled for by the unruly ragamuffins, thus enabling the donor to pass along, and avoid the further importunities of these young toll-gatherers.

But the penny does not pay for the eddication, nor does the hay-penny buy the primmer. Oh, no; the coppers immediately find their way into the cabin of Mrs. Bridget Fay, and are there exchanged for taffy and gingerbread, which the youngsters devour on the side of the road with evident gusto, while they impatiently wait for their next victim.

A painter seeking the picturesque, would pass through Ballinamocht, without unstrapping his easel. There is nothing there to catch the eye of the artist. Its fifteen or twenty small dilapidated thatched cabins, or its few scattered cottages, each one with its little plot of ground, where long since the flower has given way to the weed, would be too commonplace to be transferred to canvas, yet within those thatched cabins,

and neglected cottages, dwell a God-fearing people, for no Sunday passes that they do not trudge many a mile, some of them barefooted, to hear *His* blessed word, there being no chapel in the village.

Poor, 'tis true, too poor to waste the time in exterminating the weed, so that the flower might thrive. Those who are fortunate enough to be able to rent an acre, or so, work late and early, among the potatoe, the turnip, or the cabbage, while those who have no acre, work in the peat bog, or wherever the day's work may be had, to keep the humble roof over their loved ones heads, the bite and sup in their mouths. The neatest looking cottage in the village, is that of the schoolmaster, Tyler McCabe. There and only there, are the flowers not neglected. The schoolmaster's household, consists of himself, his daughter Hannora, and Nancy the "ould mare," whom Tyler loves almost as well as he does Hannora. He is a man past the half century, tall and angular, with a pale, oval face, full of determination, light blue eyes, and a bald head, which materially aids a lofty brow. Eight years previous to our introducing him, his wife died, leaving

to his care their only child Hannora, now a buxom maiden of two-and-twenty, good-natured, good-hearted, and good-tempered, but not a beauty.

"Ah!" her father would say, as she sat by the window, with its pretty chintz curtains, knitting, or plying the needle, as the case may be. "Ah! how ye remind me of yer dear mother, sitting there, yer her very image, barrin' her raven hair, an' her eyes of sloe."

"Father dear," Hannora would reply, "'tis a great comfort to me that I remind ye of my mother in Heaven. But sure 'tis no fault o' mine, if my hair is red, an my eyes are blue, 'tis a blessin bestowed upon me I think, for I'm fond o' colors, an red an blue matches my complexion so well," and Hannora would laugh, a soft musical laugh. "But what's the harm; sure what I lack in good looks, I can make up in good deeds," and so she did, for while Tyler and Nancy were working the four acres of rented ground to the north of the schoolmaster's cottage, Nora McCabe was ministering to the wants of Mrs. Maloney who was down wid the fayver, or rubbing liniment into the shoulder of Mrs. Fagin who

couldn't move her arm with the rheumatism; or if not attending the sick and suffering, is taking care of Mrs. Twohey's twins, while that good woman is doin' the bit o' washin for the ten childre, and the ould man. Sun-down always finds Hannora in her own neat, snug kitchen, singing like a bird, while she prepares the evening meal for herself and father at the same time. After a hard day's work, the schoolmaster is engaged in rubbing Nancy down a bit, previous to making her a bed of nice clean straw, while Nancy, poor baste, is regailing herself with a manger full of hay, and a small taste of oats. After the tea things are put away in the dresser, and Tyler has finished his second pipe, father and daughter adjourn to the barn in the rear of the cottage. For it is under the same roof with Nancy, the boys and girls of Ballinamocht and the country near by are taught the readin' and the writin' at the night school of Tyler Mc-Cabe. The barn or schoolroom, if you please, is about sixteen foot square. It's furniture consists of a blackboard hanging on the wall; five or six rough benches without backs, a chair and small table for the school-

master. Suspended from the ceiling is an iron hoop, to which is attached eight sconces, and in each sconce is a piece of tallow candle. The illuminating is attended to by Con Fagin, for which service he gets his larnin' gratis. Here every night at 8, except Saturday and Sunday, sits Nora McCabe, with primer in hand, teaching the juvenile feminine gender their A B C's, A B, Ab's, and I B Ib's, while the schoolmaster plys the chalk on the face of the blackboard, or the switch on the backs of the unruly boys, from the puny stripling of eight or nine, to the robust full-grown boy of five-and-twenty. (You are always a boy in Ireland until you are married.) On the morning of the day our story begins, Tyler was up bright and early, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, put the harness on Nancy, and hitched her to the two wheeled cart, inside of which was four sacks of wheat, and seated on the sacks Hannora, dressed in her best, while Tyler piloted Nancy down the short cut, to pay his respects and dispose of his wheat to Jerry Roe, the miller of Glanmire. A moment after Smilin' Tobe had retired laughing into the Sack O' Flour, and just as Brandon resumed his seat at the

mill door, Hannora's voice was heard a short distance up the lane cautioning her father: "Take care where you're drivin' or ye'll have us in the mill strame."

"Nancy, are you blind, that ye can't see the road; ye'll be fed in a minute," said Tyler, as he drew rein in front of the mill door.

"Here we are at Jerry Roe's!"

"Good morning Schoolmaster! Glad to see you Miss McCabe," said Neil, as he arose and saluted them.

"Same to you Nale," replied Hannora.

"Allow me to assist you, Miss McCabe," and Neil approached Hannora with outstretched arms, as if he expected her to fall into them.

"Lave her alone man! Youth needs no assistance," said Tyler. "'Tis ould age that requires help." And Hannora, ignoring Neil, jumped to the ground. While he, with a "I beg your pardon," assisted the schoolmaster to alight from the cart.

"My legs are as stiff a poker," said Hannora as she straightened up.

"Ah! Sure the cart is as aisy as a jauntin' car," replied Tyler, as he patted Nancy's

neck. "'Tis poor Nancy that should be stiff, from the long walk, the rough roads, and——"

"The slow gait," laughed Hannora.

"She's not as young as you are, God help her," said Tyler, laughing.

"Nale boy I have in the cart, four as fine sacks o' wheat as ever was threshed in the county. Call a couple o' the boys to take it in the mill, while I give Nancy a feed."

Neil called two of the men from the mill to unload the wheat from the cart, while Tyler busied himself unhitching Nancy, and turning her around, so that her head was where her tail should be, untied a small bundle of hay in the cart, and told her to "ate her male in pace."

"Ain't Shamus in the mill?" asked Hannora.

"No," answered Neil, "He has not been here this morning."

"Oh! I suppose not," and Nora pouted, "Off gallavantin' yesterday, an' to-day he's tired."

"Ah, poor fellow," said Neil, "Sunday is the only day he has to enjoy himself."

"I don't blame him much," and there was

pity in Nora's voice, "for he's there in that ould mill all the week, wid his lungs full o' flour."

"And his heart full of love," laughed Neil.

"Oh! I don't doubt it a bit," said Hannora. "'Tis a wonder to me that he don't bust wid the love that's in him. Yesterday mornin', whin my father an' myself was going to mass, who should I spy in Grady's barn, dancin' a four-handed reel but Mary and Nancy Grady, Con. Fagan, and Shamus Roe, wid sorra the music, fiddle, or pipes, savin Shamus himself liltin'."

"What, before chapel," asked Neil in assumed horror.

"Yis, my father didn't see him then, but whin we were goin' home, *after Mass*, forninst us in the *Borheen*, wid a hurley on his shoulder, was Shamus. 'Oh!' says I, wid a prayer, not thinking my father heard me, 'Shamus, Shamus, how can ye wid the dance, an' the hurley, break this blessed day?'"

"Twould be a blessin' if he'd break his neck," said my father, who caught sight of Shamus as he was jumpin' over a hedge into the next field.

"Perhaps that would be a blessing to the

poor boy," said Neil, "as you've already broken his heart."

"Is it me, Nale? Are ye in arnest?"

"Indeed I am. He told me so."

"Well, that's the first thing I ever broke in my life, savin' some crockery ware, an' I'm always breakin' them." With a sly glance at Neil: "De ye think it could be mended Nale?"

"You might try."

"I will," laughed Nora, "I can mend most anything, I've never tried my hand at a heart, but Nale tell him from me, that he must try to mend his ways, before I try to mend his heart," and with a laugh full of music, Nora ran to Jerry Roe, who was standing in the mill door.

"Ah! Hannora," said the miller with extended hands, "an how is every bit o' ye?"

"Purty well, thank ye, Mr. Roe, an' so is my father."

"Wisha, Tyler," and Jerry clasped the schoolmaster's hand, "'tis like a look at the harvest moon to see ye. How is the baste?"

"Tired Jurry, tired, but a rest will show all her fine points again." Tyler really imagined that poor, broken, down Nancy possessed some fine points.

"It will, Tyler; it will," and Jerry patted the faithful old animal on the back, then turning to Hannora, "The Lord save ye Hannora, 'tis the rosey color ye have in yer cheeks, an' 'tis as supple as a fawn yer lookin."

"Well, Mr. Roe, 'tis not as supple as a fawn I'm feelin'. My legs are that stiff I can hardly walk."

"Ah! sure, dear, if ye can't walk, take a run in the garden wid Alice. That'll put yer joints in good order."

"Is she at home?"

"Oh, indeed she is, God bless her," answered Jerry.

"Then, I'll go and see her," with a sly look at Neil, "As I have to borry a needle."

"Yerra, for what?" asked Tyler.

"I have a job of mendin' to do."

"Why didn't ye attend to it before ye left home," said her father.

"I didn't know it needed it then."

"What is it at all," and Tyler removed his well-worn coat to examine it.

"Oh! sure it isn't yer coat father, 'tis only a young man's heart." And turning Nora sauntered up the lane, singing "Love's Young Dream," while Neil Brandon watched her

until she entered a pretty vine-covered cottage, where for the present, dwelt the beauty of Glanmire, Alice Moyne.

"Tell me, Jerry," said the schoolmaster, after Nora had gone, "De ye think she has him?"

"Who?" inquired Jerry.

"Why, Nale, of course."

"No," replied the miller. "'Twould take more than a needle an' thread to mend his heart."

"Would it now?" said Tyler interested.

"What would it take?"

"Whisper," and the miller looked mysteriously at Neil. "'Twould take the two eyes of Alice Moyne."

"Oh! ah! um! Yis!" and the schoolmaster winked at the miller. Then they nudged each other and looked at Neil, who was in a quandary to know why they were gazing at him and whispering. His thoughts were interrupted, however, by Roe telling him to go into the mill, measure the wheat, and bring the money to Mr. McCabe.

"A fine looking lad," said Tyler, as Neil entered the mill.

"An' as good as he's good lookin'," replied

Jerry. "Honest as the sun, an' sober as Nancy beyant. Never touches a sup."

"Talkin' o' sups, Jerry, a small taste won't hurt us," and the schoolmaster pointed to the rustic bench and small table, near the door of the Sack O' Flour. "Come."

"No, thank ye, Schoolmaster, there's plenty wather in the mill."

"It requires wather to run it," replied Tyler.

"But I require something stronger after my ride. Why man, I'm shiverin' like a lafe in November .Come and sit down."

Remembering Neil's word about Tobe's cursed porter, Jerry cast a frightened look towards the mill, and then reluctantly took a seat opposite the schoolmaster.

"Here Tobe, ye villian," shouted the pedagogue, knocking his knuckles on the table. "Where are ye?" No need to ask—Smilin' Tobe stood at McCabe's elbow. He was always on the alert for a cash customer, and knowing Tyler was ready money, greeted him in the most obsequious manner. "The top o' the mornin' to ye, Mr. McCabe," and then the usual inquiry: "What'll it be gentlemen?"

"Two pints o' porter," ordered Jerry.

Tyler objected. "You may drink porter

Jerry, but I'll have a noggin o' spirits to warm me up a bit." Smilin' Tobe entered the inn to fill the order. "I must see Maurice Ronyane," continued Tyler, "in regard to the school. I must have protection or——" He was interrupted by Tobe with the liquids. "Here we are, gintlemen," and Tobe placed on the table two mugs of porter, a small glass of whisky and another of water.

"That extra porter was'nt ordered," said Tyler, as he handed Tobe some money. Tobe counted it, then raised the mug of porter, and said "Yer very good health, schoolmaster. I'll drink this and it'll make the change right."

"See here O'Keefe," angrily replied the schoolmaster, "If I must pay for medicine for my health, I'll pay the doctor."

"Oh! Mr. Roe will ye listen to him," laughed Tobe. "He always will have his fun," and Tobe drank the porter. "Now gentlemen to make amends, ye'll have a taste wid me," and without waiting for an affimative or a negative, he hastened after the taste.

"Ye must drink it now," said Jerry, "if it drowns ye."

"De ye think he'll put wather enough in

it?" asked Tyler.

"Isn't he going to trate?"

"So he said."

"Well ye'll get no clear liquor at his expense," said the miller. "But tell me, Tyler, in regard to the school, what de ye mane by protection; are the boys troublesome."

"They are Jerry. The other evenin', Mike Dooley came late, as usual. 'Come here Mike, says I, 'till I make an example o' ye. Hould out yer hand, I want to take the measure of it with this rule." He didn't stir. 'Give me yer hand, Mike, says I.'"

"An' did he?"

"Oh, indeed, he did; the full flat of it on my face."

"Ah! the villain," exclaimed Jerry, he ought to——"

"Once more, gintlemen," said Smilin' Tobe, as he placed the poison on the table. "Now ye can drink my health."

"Thank ye, O'Keefe," and contempt shone in the schoolmaster's eyes. "That's a privilige ye don't often accord to yer customers."

"Your money, Schoolmaster," said Neil, as he came from the mill. "Three pounds-three and sixpence." Which amount he

placed in McCabe's hand.

"Thank ye, Nale, boy," and Tyler counted the money. "Hallo!" As he handed a note to Jerry. "There's a pound note that's seen service, 'tis nearly torn in two."

"Ah! sure," said Smilin' Tobe, as he looked at the note, over the miller's shoulder. "'Tis as good as whate."

"Why wouldn't it," said Tyler. "Sure, that's what I got it for—whate!"

There was a general laugh at Tobe's expense.

"That's odd," exclaimed Jerry, as he examined the note.

"What's odd?" Came in chorus from the others.

"*Three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three*," replied the miller, giving the numbers on the note.

"I wish I had as many of them as these numbers on it," laughed the schoolmaster.

"There's luck in odd numbers," chimed in Smilin' Tobe.

"Ye'd better take this one, Mr. McCabe. Sure, I'll take it for refreshments, if it should become oneasy in yer pocket."

"This one, I'll never become aisy, or onaisy

in *your* pocket, Mr. O'Keefe, give it to me Jerry."

"No Tyler," the miller handed the note to Neil. "Nale, boy, bring the schoolmaster a whole one, an' mind that." Neil entered the mill with the torn one pound note numbered *Three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three.* At the same moment, a voice was heard some distance up the short cut, singing the "Rakin Paudeen Rhue."

"'Tis Shamus come at last," said Tobe, and the smile broadened on his ruddy face.

"'Tis last he always comes," and Jerry Roe frowned, while the owner of the voice came nearer.

CHAPTER III.

SHAMUS ROE.

STILL singing (and he could sing) there entered upon the scene a young man, dressed in a neat fitting courduroy coat, with cap to match, light colored knee-breeches and leggins. In appearance he is rather above the medium height, powerfully built, and strong as an ox, which fact many of the boys, in and near Glanmire, will vouch for. He is about 25 years of age, with dark brown hair, cut close to the head, while his eyes are gray as the dawn of day, and his mouth is made for laughter. Such is Shamus Roe, the sweetest singer, the finest dancer, the best hurler, the greatest wrestler, and the biggest divil among the girls in all Glanmire. Shamus knew very little of a father's or mother's love.

The worthy woman who gave him birth died when he was but 5 years old, and his father, a "ne'r do well" soon after left for the gold fields of America, where all trace of him was lost. Thus it was that Jerry Roe, his father's brother, being childless himself, took little Shamus to his heart and home. At 12 years old, the boy was sent to a public school in Cork. Jerry loved the lad, and had great hope of his advancement. "Vain hope." Shamus soon tired of the school, and in the morning instead of going to Cork, he would only go as far as the brickfields, where with a few companions, older than himself, they would disport for hours in the clear water of the River Lee. So it was that he became very proficient in swimming, but very deficient in book learning. At 18 he was put in the mill, but like the school, it had very few charms for him. He would weary of the noise and bustle, and devote more of his time to the Sack O' Flour, than he would to the sack o' wheat. As may be surmised, Shamus on this particular morning was in dire disgrace with his uncle, as he came along the lane expatiating in song, on the many virtues of "Rakin Paudeen Rhue." When

the "Vagabone" as the miller was pleased to call him, saw Nancy, he greeted her with not an over gentle prod in the side, at the same time asking the poor *baste:* "How is every morsel o' ye?"

"Oh! will ye look at him!" exclaimed Jerry, "wid his best shoot o' clothes on him, an' this Monday."

"Shamus," shouted the schoolmaster.

"Oh! the Lord save ye this fine mornin', Mr. McCabe," said Shamus, still tickling Nancy.

"Shamus, don't interfere with the aitin' of Nancy."

"I won't, sur; if there's anyone hungry enough to stomach it."

"Stomach what?" asked the schoolmaster.

"The aitin' of Nancy," and Shamus looked serious.

"Shamus Roe, lave her ait her oats in pace."

"Oats!" and the vagabond looked in the cart. "Ah, wisha, schoolmaster, 'tis the smooth tongue ye have in yer head, an' how Nancy, the poor crathur, must trust ye."

"She does Shamus, she does," and Tyler looked proudly at Nancy.

"Oh! she must," said Shamus, as he took

a handful of hay from the cart, "When ye can feed her on hay, an' make her believe 'tis oats, now I dare say, as teachin' is yer trade," and he approached the schoolmaster, "that ye could make me believe——"

"No I could'nt," said McCabe, "yer beyant me."

"Maybe I could," exclaimed Jerry, as he stepped forward."

"Oh! the Lord save us," and Shamus was about to take to his heels.

"Stay where ye are," roared the miller, and Shamus became a statue, while Jerry continued sarcastically: "'Tis glad I am to see ye, an' tis welcome ye are."

"Thank ye kindly Uncle Jurry," and Shamus, thinking the miller really meant it, offered his hand, which the man of flour ignored.

"Where wor ye from yer work this mornin'?"

Shamus not ready with an answer, stammered, "Oh! is it where was I this mornin', is it?"

"Yis, that's it, where wor ye?"

"Oh! this mornin', well ye see—Ah! uncle Jurry, will ye mind how forgetful I am, I forgot to ax the schoolmaster, how is Han-

nora?"

"Never mind Hannora," replied Jerry, "She's well, where wor——"

"I'm glad she's well," interrupted Shamus, "for I always had a great regard for Hannora, an' if Hannora——"

"What kep' ye from yer work?" persisted his uncle.

"Ah! uncle Jurry, don't make me praise myself before the schoolmaster for an act o' charity I done this mornin'. He might tell Hannora. An' so she's well Mr. McCabe."

"In the name of all that's good and bad," and the miller was loosing his temper, "What act o' charity did *you* do this mornin'?"

"Will ye listen to him, schoolmaster! Sure self praise is half 'scandal, an' you know my modesty," and the modest vagabond hung his head.

"Yis, modesty is a great failin' o' yours Shamus," replied Tyler, "but come, tell us what did ye do. Out with it."

"Ah, poor crathur, poor crathur! whimpered Shamus.

"What poor creature?" inquired Tyler.

"Mrs. Mulcahy!" answered Shamus, with tears in his voice.

"A very dacent ould woman," said Jerry, his wrath against Shamus evidently somewhat appeased. "What ails her?"

"Ah! poor dacent ould woman, as uncle Jurry says, struck wid the rheumatism in her right side, last night; an' as I was comin' to my work this mornin', she was screechin', an' bawlin' for some one, so in I goes an' there—"

"It could'nt have been a very severe attack," interrupted Tyler. "I saw her about two hours ago as lively as a cricket, huntin' an' ould lame cow down the road."

"Bad luck to you, an' the cricket," was the mental prayer of Shamus. "I must try another story," and turning to Tyler as if very much surprised. "Yerra schoolmaster dear. Do ye mane to tell me, that she's out again?"

"I saw her with my two eyes, I tell ye," answered Tyler.

"An' her dyin' wid the rheumatism, the poor crature," sorrowfully sobbed Shamus.

"What poor crature is dyin' wid the rheumatism?" impatiently asked Jerry. "Is it Mrs. Mulcahy?"

"No, 'tis the cow," sniveled Shamus, wiping the mock tear from his eyes, while the miller

and schoolmaster exchanged glances. "Ye see whin I wint in, for the love o' mercy says Mrs. Mulcahy, (poor dacent ould woman) for the love o' mercy, Shamus, says she, run after her." "Who ma'am?" says I. "The cow," says the poor dacent ould woman, she's wild, an' so she was, the poor crathure, wid the pain in her right side, from the rheumatism. So, at Mrs. Mulcahy's biddin', after her, I goes, over hedges, an' ditches, through fields an' bogs, an' her runnin wid the rheumatism in her left side. At last I kem up wid her, an' druv her home. It was a charity to do it, for Mrs. Mulcahy had no milk for her tay an'——"

"I'm afeared, Shamus, that milk story has a good dale o' wather in it," laughed the schoolmaster.

"Ah! the poor crathure," innocently replied Shamus. "Maybe the rheumatism in her shoulder run her dry. I left her at the pump when I kem away."

"'Tis under the pump some one should have left you," said Jerry. "Where wor ye yesterday, huntin' a cow?"

"No," replied the schoolmaster, "huntin' the ball. I saw him lep a hedge with a hurley on his shoulder. Don't deny it Shamus."

"Is it me?" said Shamus, in an injured tone. "Ah! sure Mr McCabe, you know, I wouldn't tell a lie to you, or Uncle Jerry."

"Ahem! No, of course not; but then we've just had a taste o' yer milk."

"Oh! lave him alone, schoolmaster," said Jerry, with a tinge of sarcasm. "'Tis crame he'll be given us next."

"Divil a word o' lie, I'll tell ye," said Shamus proudly. "It was Glanmire against Ballinamocht, an' from the minute the ball wint up, for two hours, 'twas no man's battle," and suiting the action to the word, Shamus continued: "Here an' there an' everywhere. One moment on yer heels, the nixt on yer head, helter skelter across the field, an' back again, trip an' fall, rise an' kick, but never home."

"Yis, man, yis, but tell me did ye bate them," asked Jerry excitedly.

"Did we bate them? Out o' the field an' off the road."

"De ye mane to tell me that ye laid hands upon them," asked Tyler.

"We'd scorn to do it," replied Shamus. "Is it Glanmire do a mane turn, no sur. Maybe there was a head or two broken, or a

few shins scraped, but 'twas from foot or hurley. The sorras the much time they had to look at their wounds, 'till we drove them beyant the haunted chapel, in the Lovers' Lane."

"The usual results of not keepin' the Lord's day, as it should be kept," and Tyler looked serious, as he said: "What will be the result of this?"

"I dunno, sur!" replied Shamus, 'til we resume our divarshun nixt Sunday."

"Ye'll find a lot o' divarshun in the mill for the rest o' the week, an' I'll keep my eye on ye nixt Sunday, but for this mornin's work, I'll chalk a days pay down again ye," said Jerry as he entered the mill.

"Oh! indeed, if that's all that'll be chalked down agin me, I'll be safe enough," laughed Shamus.

"Shamus," said the schoolmaster kindly, "Ye must stop this kind of work. Avoid the Sack O' Flour, an' stick to the mill."

"Arrah! schoolmaster dear, how can I avoid the Sack O' Flour if I stick to the mill," asked Shamus innocently.

"Ye know very well that I don't mane for ye to avoid the sack that contains the flour."

"Ye mane the one that contains the whisky. Well, sur," said Shamus scratching his head, "it isn't many loaves Tobe O'Keefe's Sack O' Flour makes for a poor boy."

"True for ye, Shamus; but 'tis many a loaf the poor boy makes for Tobe O'Keefe."

"Well, Mr. McCabe, although huntin' that cow wid the rheumatism in her right side, made me pretty dry, I'll take yer advice. I'll make no more loaves for Smilin' Tobe. I'm done wid the drink."

"I'm glad of it," and the kind old schoolmaster patted the vagabond on the back.

"And so am I," said a voice at his elbow. Shamus turned to greet a being, fair as an Irish May morning, tall, slender and graceful. A mass of shining raven hair crowns her well poised head, while her eyes, dark as a starless night, and bright as the lightning's flash, looks from beneath a broad forehead, from which the silken locks are carefully brushed. A rare vision of loveliness is Alice Moyne, as with red parted lips, she looks into the face of Shamus, as she exclaims: "And so am I!"

"And so am I!" chimed in Hannora.

"Well, if it comes to that," said Shamus, "An' so am I. My schoolmaster, will ye look—two angels as sponsors to the pledge." The two girls had returned from their run in the garden just as Shamus had promised the schoolmaster he'd drink no more.

"I hope you'll keep your word Shamus," said Alice Moyne, as she placed her small white hand, in the broad palm of the future abstainer.

"An' so do I!" said Hannora.

"An' so do I!" echoed Shamus.

"What did you say?" asked the schoolmaster.

"I said if I did'nt I'd lie," answered truthful Shamus; "but come, the dockiment is ready for the sales of the sponsers."

"Arrah! What dockiment?" asked Hannora.

"The pledge," replied Shamus, with a wink at the schoolmaster.

"'Tis upon my two lips, an' waitin' to be stamped."

"Oh! ye villain," laughed Tyler, "Come girls seal it, stamp it, or it'll spoil; kiss him," and at the schoolmaster's bidding, the vagabond receives the stamps, from as pretty a

quartette of lips, as you'd find in a day's walk.

"Remember Shamus," said Alice, those stamps are not to be removed by taste of liquor."

"Ah! sure," replied the smooth-tongued receiver of the sweets, "When the dew kisses the tulips in the mornin', nothin' but the blessed sun can remove it, but don't ye think the dockiment requires a couple o' more——"

"Be satisfied," answered Hannora pout-ingly. "Ye'll get no more to-day, an' take care Shamus ye don't break yer promise."

"Oh! if I do I'll give the stamps back, whisper, Alice, Hannora." The girls ap-proached him. "I have five or six more good resolutions, whenever yer ready wid the stamps." Alice laughed, and joined Tyler at the mill door.

"Maybe, the Grady girls would accommo-date ye," said Hannora, and her blue eyes snapped.

"Ah! How can ye talk like that, when ye know that your'e the light o' my heart. The Grady girls indeed, I haven't set eyes upon one o' them for a month.

"Oh! Shamus Roe, Shamus Roe, when did

ye tell the truth last?"

"Whin I called you the light o' my heart," and he slipped his arm around her waist.

"Arrah, will ye look at him, an' forninst my father," said Hannora, as she pushed him away. "Didn't I see ye yesterday in Grady's barn jiggin' away wid the two Grady girls an' Con Fagin?"

"Bad luck to that barn dure, I thought it was shut," said Shamus aside. Then turning to Nora with an innocent air: "Yesterday, did you say. Let me see. Was it yesterday. Yesterday was Sunday, wasn't it?"

"I'm afeared 'tis many a month since you gave a thought to the blessed day, dancin' an' hurleyin' in place of bein' in the holy chapel, what'll become o' ye?"

"Go to the bad, I suppose," replied Shamus penitently. "But sure I only went to the barn yesterday, Nora dear, to try the flure for the dance. Don't ye know to-morrow night is Snap-apple, an' the dance 'ill be at Grady's. I'm goin' to take ye."

"Are ye; ye'd better ax me first if I'll go?"

"Oh! Indeed you will."

"Oh! Indeed I won't, at least not wid you." And with a proud toss of her head,

Nora approached Nancy.

"'Tis coaxin' she wants," said Shamus, as he followed her. While Nora and Shamus were discussing the Sunday question, the schoolmaster was eulogizing a certain young man in the mill, and from the tell-tale color in Alice Moyne's beautiful face, it may be inferred that his praise of Neil Brandon was not an unsavory dish for her to digest.

"Ah! don't blush Alice, he's an honest boy, and he'll make ye a good husband," said Tyler, as he saw the rose tint deepen on her cheeks.

"But I've no idea of marrying any good honest boy, at least not at present," said Alice. "I am in trouble, schoolmaster, and I want your advice."

"My advice, about what?" inquired Tyler.

"About Maurice Ronyane."

"Oh! indeed. What has he been doing?"

"You know," answered Alice, "that Ronyane & Roe's lease of the mill expires with the present month."

"Well?"

"Maurice Ronyane desires to dissolve the partnership, and wants me to lease the mill to him alone."

"Oh! Is that all he wants!"

"No, he wants me with the lease."

"What," said Tyler, in horror. "Marry his own cousin! Alice, dear, what do you intend to do?"

"Neither one," replied Alice with spirit, I will not marry him, nor shall he have the lease of the mill alone."

"Good," said Tyler, "But what do you intend to do with this?" pointing to the Sack O' Flour.

"Burn it to the ground, rather than Tobe O'Keefe should have it."

"Ye don't need my advice," said the schoolmaster, as he took her hands and pressed them warmly. "Yer doing just as I'd have ye do."

"Here's your one pound note Mr. McCabe," said Neil, as he came from the mill, and handed Tyler a note. "It's new and crisp. Good morning, Alice."

"Good morning, Neil," replied Alice, as she offered him her hand, which he eagerly grasped, and held, until he saw the man of learning smile; then as if guilty of some misdemeanor, dropt it; and turning to Tyler asked "if he was through with his business

in the mill."

"Every morsel of it," replied Tyler. "I have my money for the whate an'——"

"I think Mr. Roe would like to see you there," said Neil with a guilty look on his handsome face.

"I think *you'd* like to see me there, or any where, out o' this," laughed the schoolmaster, as he went towards the mill door, where he was intercepted by the vagabond.

"Mr. McCabe, I——" and there Shamus became tongue tied.

"Well, Shamus, what is it," asked Tyler.

"'Tis a fine mornin' sur, glory be to God."

"Oh! it is, indeed," said Tyler, "but was it to tell that, that ye stopped me?"

"No, sur; divil a thing did I want to tell ye at-all-at-all. I only wanted to ax ye, if ye'd lave me——Yis sur, if ye'd lave me?"——

"If I'd lave ye what, Shamus?"

"Yis, sur; if ye'd lave me,——I'd be obliged to ye, for ye——"

"An' if *you'd* lave me go into the mill, I'd be obliged to ye; don't ye see I'm not wanted here?

"Oh! bad cess to him," cried Hannora in despair. "He'll spoil everything, an' my father'll never let me go to the dance." Sha-

mus still held his ground in front of the schoolmaster, muttering some unintelligible words, until Tyler losing his patience, exclaimed: "What in the name of all the saints do ye want, ye stutterin' highbinder?"

"The dance is goin' to be at Widdy Grady's, to-morrow night sur," said Shamus, finding his voice.

"Well."

"If ye plaze sur, will ye lave me take Nancy?"

Hannora groaned, and shook her fist at the pleader, while Alice and Neil burst into a ripple of laughter.

"Ye may an' welcome," said Tyler, as he passed Shamus. Then as he was about to enter the mill, he turned with this injunction: "Mind that ye bring her home early, an' feed her well."

"Oh! I will, sur; never fear, long life to ye," said Shamus, as he looked after the schoolmaster. Then going to Hannora, who was leaning against the cart, as if for support, triumphantly exclaimed: "There, I tould ye 'twould be an aisy job. I'll bring ye home early an' feed ye well."

"Feed me well," almost screamed Hannora,

as she faced him with clinched fists, and anger in her blue eyes, "Feed me well, de ye take me for a horse."

"Sure I'm only goin' to do yer father's biddin'."

"Do it then, I would'nt go across the lane wid ye; take her to the dance, an' mind ye feed her well. She's the only company yer fit for, although she has more sinse. Poor baste, that for ye, ye omadhaun," and she snapped her fingers in his face, as she entered the mill.

"Poor baste," said the amazed Shamus, as he looked after her.

"Arrah! who does she mane?"

"Why, she means Nancy," laughed Alice.

"Nancy?"

"Yes; you have the schoolmaster's permission to take her to the dance to-morrow night, provided you *bring her home early and feed her well.*"

"Who, the horse?"

"Certainly, it was the horse you asked for."

"Well, bad luck to Nancy, an' her oats. What'll I do now, I dunno," and Shamus was in a quandry.

"Go and confess your mistake," said Alice.

"To who, the horse?"

"No! to Hannora."

"Ah! sure, if I wint near her now——"

"Your heart would jump out of your mouth," said Neil, "as soon as she opened hers."

"No fear o' yours jumpin' out o' your mouth."

"Not a bit," replied Neil laughing.

"No, devil a bit, bekase ye have'nt it wid ye; 'tis a prisioner in a well built jail, near by," and Shamus pointed to Alice Moyne, as he entered the mill to make his peace with Hannora.

"Poor Shamus, why do you teaze him, Neil."

"Why do you tease me?"

"Tease you, in what way?"

"Why, were you again last evening with Maurice Ronyane."

"Why, simply because *he* was with me," replied Alice.

"That is not an answer to my question. I tell you Alice, this man's marked attentions to you displeases me."

"Neil Brandon, you are absurdly silly."

"Perhaps I am, or insanely jealous, if you will;" and Neil turned away from her.

"Jealous?" and Alice Moyne's musical laugh was echoed far up the lane. "Jealous of my own cousin, coming to talk to me on a matter of business."

"What business can Maurice Ronyane have with you?"

"I deny your right to question me," replied Alice with dignity.

"Alice Moyne, you told me nearly on the same spot where I saw you with Maurice Ronyane last night, that you loved me."

"And I told you the truth; I do love you Neil Brandon; yet I deny your right to question my actions."

"Deny the right of the man who truly loves you?"

"The man who truly loves has confidence. I am mistress of this small estate, the mill, and that miserable shebeen; these, with the house in Cork, in which Maurice Ronyane, and his mother reside, belong to me. The leases of the several occupants expire with the present month. Now, is it not natural, that I should have business with my cousin, Maurice? Jealous," continued Alice chid-

ingly, "why you might as well be jealous of Tobe O'Keefe. He is liable to be seen with me at any moment, asking for a renewal of his lease." Smilin' Tobe, or Peepin' Tobe, as we should call him on this occasion, with the door of the Sack O' Flour slightly ajar, had not missed a word of the conversation between the lovers, which conversation he would repeat verbatum to his best costumer, Maurice Ronyane, but like all eavesdroppers, Tobe was destined not to hear any good of himself.

"Will you renew his lease?" asked Neil. Tobe pushed his large ear through the apperture, to catch the answer.

"No," replied Alice. "I would rather give it to some poor man rent free for a pig sty than let him have it for fifty pounds a year."

"Of the two, I think the pig sty would be preferable," said Neil. "But come, Alice, as the wheat is coming in slowly, I will steal a few moments for a short stroll away from the tainted atmosphere of Smilin' Tobe's den. I am glad you have concluded to drive this scoundrel from our midst," and with his arm around her waist, they walked leisurely up the lane, while Tobe threw open the door

and standing on the threshold, shook his fist at them. "Before I'm druv away from here Nale Brandon, I'll put something in your pipe to smoke," and with an oath he disappeared within to console himself with a noggin or two of his own poison.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PARTNER.

As Alice and Neil departed for their short stroll, there might have been heard on the lower road, the galloping of a fast approaching horse. Nearer and nearer came the patter of the hoofs, until the sounds ceased, as the rider drew rein at the door of the old mill. Without moving in his saddle he called loudly: "Jim, or Paddy, or anybody." A man came from the mill in response to the call, with a pull at his forelock and a low bow, which greeting was not returned or even recognized. Dismounting he threw the reins to the man. "Remove the saddle, give him a feed of oats and a rub down."

"Yis, yer honor," said the man, as he led the panting animal to the shed at the rear of the

mill. As the equestrian stands removing his gloves, you see a man short of stature, but broad of chest and shoulders, long black hair, with close cropped beard of the same color. Small, dark, restless eyes—eyes that never look in yours; never a friend to love, but always a foe to fear, is Maurice Ronyane, the partner of honest Jerry Roe.

"Damn the dust," and he beats a tatoo on the long riding boots with his whip. "I must have O'Keefe dust me off a bit before I appear in her ladyship's presence for my answer. Ah! beautiful Alice, when you are mine, I'll make a clearing out of the mill, be assured of that," saying which he entered the whisky perfumed sanctum of Tobe O'Keefe, just as Alice and Neil returned from their short stroll, evidently in perfect harmony with each other, as Alice was saying: "Now that I've satisfied you that I am a woman of business, are you content?"

"Perfectly," answered Neil. "Forgive me Alice, for doubting you, but I couldn't sleep last night, I thought he'd been making love to you."

"Love!" and Alice laughed.

Tobe O'Keefe at that moment almost

dragged Maurice Ronyane through the door of the Sack O' Flour, and pointing to the lovers, said: "There didn't I tell ye."

Ronyane livid with rage, was about to rush upon them, but Tobe held him back.

"Love," continued Alice. "Why he don't know how to make love. "He's too matter of fact. Yet, with all the encouragement you've had, he's made more progression in one moonlight stroll than you have in twenty."

"More progression; how?"

"He asked me to become his wife."

"Maurice Ronyane!"

"Maurice Ronyane."

"And you, Alice. What was your answer?"

"I couldn't answer, I was so dumbfounded."

"But Alice! Alice! Will you become his wife?" eagerly asked Neil.

Ronyane threw Tobe aside and approached them. There was an angry light in his small eyes as he said: "I being the party most interested, by right of my having asked Miss Moyne that question first, perhaps you will kindly allow her to answer me."

Alice turned upon the intruder, and with a look of disdain, exclaimed: "Eavesdropping, Mr. Ronyane, is not the role of a

gentleman."

"It was accidental, I assure you, Alice. I was on my way to your cottage for the answer to a proposal I made you last evening, when——"

"And what answer could ou expect, but ——" Maurice feeling that he was about to receive his quietus, interrupted her.

"Stop, I will not receive it in the presence of a third party." Then turning to Neil: "Why are you here sir, return to your work."

"I will not stir," replied Neil, "until you have had your answer."

"Which I will give him. Although highly honored, I most respectfully decline," and Alice bowed low to Jerry Roe's partner, while that worthy bit his nether lip until the blood came, and with a suppressed oath, faced Neil Brandon.

"As I have some business with Miss Moyne, perhaps you will cease your loitering and go back to your work."

"I am not loitering. I came on business to Tyler McCabe, the schoolmaster."

"And when you had finished that business instead of returning to your work, you loitered to make love to Alice Moyne, the

heiress."

"Maurice Ronyane," said Alice indignantly, "how dare you."

"I have the right to censure him. I am his master."

"I have no master," and the hot blood mounted to Neil's brow.

"I pay you for work with Bank of England notes, therefore I am your master."

"I deny it, as I *repay* you with hand and brain."

The men were dangerously close together, as Alice came between them.

"Neil Brandon is right," she said. "The honest working man has no master, save God." Then in a conciliatory tone: "Mr. Brandon, your *employer*, Mr. Ronyane, desires that you return to your duties in the mill."

"I will return, Miss Moyne, and with a light heart." And, looking with a smile of triumph at Ronyane, he entered the mill.

"Your heart will be heavy enough before I get through with you," said Maurice, as he followed Neil to the mill door, his face almost distorted with hatred. Returning to Alice, he hissed in her ear: "Have you weighed

well your refusal of my offer?"

"Why, you know Maurice, I could never marry you. Are you not my first cousin?"

"Pshaw! What of that; cousins marry every day."

"Aye! But such marriages are registered above, in letters of blood."

"You love this pauper-working man?"

"I love, with all my heart, this honest miller."

"Miller! A man without a name."

"Why, Maurice, have you forgotten. Neil Brandon is his name. Don't you think it a pretty one?"

"Ah! Alice," and there was a volume of sympathy in his voice. "Had your dear mother, on her death bed, ever dreamed that you would love a common laborer, she would have thought twice, ere she removed you from the protection of my mother and myself and given you to the care of ignorant Jerry Roe."

"Maurice Ronyane, had my dear mother on her death bed, ever dreamed that my own cousin would insult me, by offering me his hand in marriage, she would ere she thought once, given me to the care of honest Jerry

Roe a thousand times over."

"About the lease, shall I have it?" asked Ronyane angrily.

"Why do you wish to dissolve with Mr. Roe. You get along well together and the business is prosperous."

"I have my reasons," Maurice laughed discordantly. "He has'nt the money to buy, I have. I must get the lease, or the mill is closed."

"Indeed!" said Alice. "Remember, Maurice, Jerry Roe is the best miller, and this one of the best paying mills in Glanmire."

"The very reason I would have it alone. I tell you Alice, he must buy or sell. When the lease is renewed there will be but one name over that door, and that name will be ——"

"Jerry Roe," said Alice with decision.

"Are you mad," said Roe's partner, trembling with rage, "you've thwarted me once today, beware how you do it again." Shamus who at that moment, came from the mill, listened with surprise.

Ignoring the madman's threat, Alice looked him in the face, and said: "Name your price to Mr. Roe and it shall be paid." She

was about to pass him, when he stopped her.

"Alice, would you league yourself with these ignorant paupers against your own blood relations?"

"Blood relations!" and Alice laughed. "I thought you had forgotten that such beings existed; let me pass; I have invited a few friends to dinner, and——"

"One moment!"

"No, sur, she can't wait; the dinner might spile," said Shamus, as he came between them, and faced Ronyane, an action which made the senior partner quail, as he looked at the burly figure of the vagabond. "The way is clear for ye Miss Moyne," continued Shamus, "but don't forget to put my name in the pot."

"Be sure, I will not, Shamus," said Alice, as she went towards the cottage.

"Ah! Mr. Ronyane, the dinners she cooks. Her an' Molly Duffy, why sur, they'd make yer mouth wather."

"Why are you not at work."

"Well sur, ye see, I lost half a day. I was buisy wid some dockiments, havin' sales, an' stamps put upon thim."

"Where did you get the stamps? Stole them from the mill, I dare say."

"No sur, I got them out here; they wor give to me. I don't think Mr. Ronyane, you had one o' them for a long time; they're called fourlip stamps. You could'nt buy one o' them for love or money."

"Tell your uncle I'm in the Sack O' Flour," and Ronyane nearly took the hinges off of Tobe's front door as he entered.

"That ye may stay in the Sack O' Flour till ye become dough," said Shamus, as he took a seat at the customers' table, and called lustily: "Tobe, Tobe O'Keefe?"

The door opened just wide enough for Smilin' Tobe to push his head through. "What are ye shoutin' for?" he asked. "Ain't it aisy for ye to come in?"

"Ain't it just as aisy for you to come out? A blast o' fresh air 'll do ye no harm."

"Well what'll ye have?" said Tobe, as he came out and slapped Shamus on the back. "The same ould thing?

"Yis," replied Shamus, "The same ould thing, an the slate."

"Are ye goin' to pay?

"Don't I always pay," answered the vaga-

bond with an offended air.

"Oh, indeed ye do! an' don't I always carry ye as far as ye want to go?"

"Ye do, an' a damn sight farther some times."

"Ah! Shamus, ye'll always be a boy, sure there's no hurry for the money."

"There is," said Shamus determinedly. "I want to get out o' the clutches o' the devil, an' be a man."

"Nale Brandon's been prachin' to him," said Tobe, as he entered the shebeen.

"I've put my foot in it again wid Hannora," said Shamus, as he rubbed his head. "I axed her father to lave her come wid me in place o' Nancy. She heard me, an' my head is lighter from loss o' hair."

With a large slate under his arm, and a glass of liquor in each hand, Tobe came from his den. Laying the slate on the table, he held the liquor above his head. "Look Shamus, look at the number o' bades upon the liquor."

"Yis," said Shamus, "an look at the number o' figures on that slate." Tobe put the two glasses on the table and took up the slate. "But remember, Shamus, this carries

tin o' my best customers. There's Nolan an' Fagin an' O'Malley an' O'Sullivan, an' yis, an' Roe, eight-an-four-pence-half-penny."

"For one week?" asked the surprised Shamus.

"Yis, but you needn't pay before—this is Monday, well before——"

"Monday!" said Shamus, as he took a handful of silver from his pocket. "I like to pay on Monday. There's yer money."

"Thank ye, Shamus," said Tobe as he counted the silver. "Lave me wipe it out," and for the last time Smilin' Tobe O'Keefe erased the name of Shamus Roe from his slate. Placing it on the table, he took up the two glasses of liquor, handed one to Shamus, and as he raised the other to his lips said: "Here's to the wipin' out of all accounts," and at a gulp he emptied the glass.

"Amen!" said Shamus, as he threw the contents of his glass on the slate, and in a moment, with the aid of his coat sleeve, there was not a name or a figure to be seen on its smooth surface.

"Ah! man alive," roared Tobe, snatching up the slate. "See what you have done. Ruined the scores of nine min wid the

"Here's to the wipin' out of all accounts." "Amen!" said Shamus.—*p. 62.*

liquor."

"An' see what *you've* done—ruined the homes of twice nine min wid the same stuff."

The noonday bell rang the hour; the old wheel stopped revolving, and the honest millers came forth, eager to reach their respective homes, partake of the midday meal, and enjoy the hour of rest. "I'm goin' to my dinner," said Shamus.

"That it may choke ye," growled Tobe, as he entered the Sack O' Flour, with his worthless slate. After the millers came Jerry Roe, Tyler, and Hannora. Shamus tried to attract her attention, but she passed him by with the air of a duchess, and followed the miller and her father into Alice Moyne's cottage.

"She won't look at me," said Shamus, as Neil came from the mill, his coat on his arm. "Are ye comin' in the cottage Nale, or are ye goin' home to dinner."

"Neither one," answered Neil, as he threw his coat on the cart. "Shamus my heart is so light I can feel it in my throat."

"Can ye. Well mine's so heavy I can feel it in my shoes."

"Shamus, my boy, Alice Moyne's words

has made a man of me. Now I can meet my destiny with closed eyes," and Neil started for the river's side to give more vent to his pleasant thoughts.

"Wid yer eyes closed; look out ye don't fall in a ditch," shouted Shamus, as Neil disappeared at a turn in the road. "Alice Moyne's words has made a new man of him, Hannora McCabe's words has made an ould jackass o' me, but jackasses must ate as well as other Christians. Bad luck to you, Nancy," and the crest-fallen "devil among the girls," entered the cottage where his name was in the pot.

Tobe, who as usual, had his large ear to the keyhole, came from his lair as Shamus disappeared. "Brandon's wild in love, but I've a plan that'll spile him in her eyes. If my time is short in the Sack O' Flour, his time'll be shorter in the mill," and Tobe actually began to dance with joy when the voice of Maurice Ronyane stopped him.

"Is he in the mill?" asked Ronyane.

"No," answered Tobe. "Gone down the road. The fever o' love has so warmed his blood that he has no fear o' ketchin' could. See, he left his coat on the cart."

"Oh, damn his coat," said Ronyane impatiently.

"An' him, an' him," shouted Tobe. "Oh! be the varch o' my oath! the very thing, I can put the money in his coat."

"So you can," said Ronyane, "and that will be proof positive. I'll follow the handsome confidential man and discharge him, but I'll give him no reason for so doing."

"Good, that'll be another spoke in his wheel. Discharged min are disgraced min, an' ginerally need money to keep them till they get another job," And Tobe rubbed his fat hands together until the blood tingled in them.

"True. I'll keep him away long enough for you to do the work, but on your life, don't fail," and the conspirator started in search of his prey.

"Fail, after what he's dun to me; no fear. Fail, I'd sind him to the divil if I could, an' laugh wid joy while the 'ould boy' prodded him wid his fork;" then looking cautiously around. "No one about, they're all at dinner. I've no time to lose," and the *arch* conspirator entered the mill.

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE DANNY.

At the same moment a small figure appeared, and stood in the large window of the mill loft, and directly over the door through which Tobe disappeared. It was a picture in truth, but such a picture. The figure was that of a boy, perhaps 15 years old, but looking much older, clad in a faded blue shirt, a coat with the sleeves turned up, and ample enough to hold another such as he, and then button it; a pair of old courdroy knee breeches reaching his ankles, his feet were bare, and the light curling hair on his well shaped head was its only covering. The face refined, but pale and pinched as if from hunger and exposure, while the large blue eyes of Danny O'Keefe had a look of

terror in them, as he stood in the window, in bold relief, and gazed across the road at the Sack O' Flour. "The mill is stopped," said the small voice. "I dunno if they're all gone. It looks quiet beyant at the Sack O' Flour. I hope uncle Tobe is drunk, an' asleep, for if he ketches me stalein out o' this 'tis well he'll tan me."

Just then Tobe emerged from the mill with a large roll of bank notes in his hand. Danny with a bound was back in the loft, where through a knot hole near the window, he watched his amiable uncle.

"All the money was in the drawer," said Tobe. "I had to break it open, but that's no odds. Ah! here's the proof," as he took a note from the roll. "The torn one pound note, number three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three. There's no mistakin' that," and approaching the cart, he put the money into the pocket of Neil Brandon's coat. "Now Mr. Nale Brandon I think we have ye. Ye'll be likely to give the alarm yerself whin the stolen money is found in yer own pocket. Who'll be the most likely to be druv in disgrace outside o' Glanmire, you or me," and with a fiendish chuckle, the thief entered the

Sack O' Flour, satisfied beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he had his foe upon the hip. But Smilin' Tobe reckoned without his host, for while he was regailing himself with the contents of a black bottle, and waiting for the result of his villainy, little Danny was descending from the loft by means of the mill door, which stood wide open. As he reached the ground, he ran behind the cart, where there was little chance of Tobe seeing him, should he look through the window of the shebeen. "My, my," said the frightened lad. "What a power o' money uncle Tobe had. He got it out o' the mill, an' said he had to break the drawer open. For what did he put it in Nale Brandon's pocket; I dunno, an' he talked about drivin' him in disgrace out o' Glanmire. Maybe he put it in there so that whin 'twas found in the coat, everyone i'd think Nale was the robber. No, no, Nale Brandon was always good to me, gave me the bite, an' the place to sleep, when he, my own uncle, drove me out in the night an' the cold." Danny came from behind the cart, and took the money from the coat. My, oh my ! what a lot. I'll put it back in the mill." As he started for the mill door the voice of

Tobe was heard, singing, (or trying to sing) "Nell Flaherty's Drake." As the harsh notes struck his ear, Danny again ran behind the cart. "God help me, I don't know what to do wid it. If he ketches me wid it, he'll kill me, an' if it's found in Nale's pocket, he'll be took up. I could keep it myself, an' go to America, away from him, who bates me like a dog. *I will*," and he put the money in his breeches pocket. "Then Nale'll be safe, an' I'll be gone." As he turned to go, he almost ran into the arms of Shamus, who had just left the cottage, and heard his last words.

"Where are ye goin' that ye'll be gon Danny?"

"Anywhere out o' this, sir," said the boy trembling with fear. "Up to the haunted chapel, in the Lover's Lane, where in the evenin' I hears the beautiful music. Lave me go, sir, for if Uncle Tobe ketches me, he'll bate me!"

"If he does, I'll throttle him," replied Shamus.

"Thin, sur, he'd only bate me the more. Lave me go, sur, lave me go!"

"Well my poor boy away wid ye." And Danny ran up the road like a frightened

deer. "Oh, look at him run," said Shamus as he looked after him. "But 'tis no wonder that he'd run, the poor ill-used crature, for 'tis many's the welt he has on his back from his blackguard uncle, bad luck to him.

"Oh, yer back, are ye?"

"Yes, like a bad penny," said Neil, who had just returned, taking his coat from the cart, and put it on.

"Did ye meet destiny on the road?" laughed Shamus.

"I did."

"Was yer eyes shut?"

"They were, but he opened them," bitterly replied Neil.

"Who!"

"Maurice Ronyane."

"How did he open them?" asked Shamus.

"By discharging me."

"Discharging you—for what?"

"Because I love, and am beloved," replied Neil proudly,

"Well, that's a combination he'll never have anyway!"

"I am commanded to deliver the keys of the mill to his lordship before the bell strikes one."

"I wish," said Shamus, "ye'd deliver me wid the keys."

"Deliver you!"

"Yes, from his evil presence. I'm tired of workin' for the devil."

"He'll not singe you, Shamus. You're not in his way," said Neil, as he entered the mill.

The men, returning from their noonday repast, began to arrive. They lounged about in the front of the mill smoking and talking, while they waited the stroke of one to resume their work. And from the cottage of Alice Moyne came a merry party, laughing and chatting, little dreaming there was villainy in their midst.

"We'll all be there to-morrow night, Jerry," said the schoolmaster. "An' we'll show them we're not too ould to shake a leg or two with the youngest o' them,"

Maurice Ronyane had returned and was talking with Tobe at the Inn door as the bell struck one. At that moment Neil Brandon came rushing from the mill, with the cry: "The mill has been robbed!"

"Robbed!" came in chorus from all assembled.

"Yes, of over a hundred pounds," excitedly replied Neil.

"A hundert pounds," echoed Tobe as he came forward.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! Well, as we all have our honesty at stake, bein' in an' about the mill, I think 'tis only fair that we all be sarched?"

"Yes," said Ronyane, and let us begin with a workman discharged for cause. Neil Brandon."

"Neil Brandon!" And the crimson mounted to the very roots of Alice Moyne's hair, as she said: "For shame, Maurice Ronyane, for shame."

"Lave me sarch him!" And as Tobe advanced, his fat fingers were itching to get into Neil's coat pocket.

"Stand back," said Neil, and there was a wicked look in his eyes.

'Stand back, Tobe O'Keefe! I will not submit to this indignity."

Calmly and proudly Alice Moyne approached Neil, and placing her arm around his neck, said: "Neil, for mine, for your honor's sake, you will submit. Schoolmaster, you are the oldest man here, search Neil

Brandon!"

"Well, it goes agin me to do it, but at your request, an' with his permission I will. Come Nale boy, don't be afeared."

"I am an honest man, schoolmaster, and have no fear," said Neil proudly, as he held up his arms to be searched.

After a thorough search, the schoolmaster said with a laugh: "Two shillins, a cigar, an' a penknife;" and he held them above his head.

With a cry of joy, Alice fell on Neil's breast. Ronyane turned to Tobe and hissed in his ear: "Did you do as you promised?"

"As I'm a man, I did," answered crest-fallen Tobe.

Maddened with rage and disappointment, Ronyane shouted: "Perhaps Jerry Roe, who is so anxious to buy me out, can account for this little discrepancy. Search him."

There was a cry of "shame! shame!" from all.

"Search him, schoolmaster!" cried the baffled conspirator.

"Mr. Ronyane," replied Tyler, "I don't often swear, but I'm *damned* if I will! What, search my old friend. No."

"Then I will," and Ronyane advanced to put his threat into execution.

"Don't dar to touch him," said Shamus, as he jumped in front of his uncle.

Ronyane hesitated as he said: "My money has been stolen."

"Then go hunt for it somewhere else, for the thief's name is not Roe," said Shamus proudly.

"He's afeared, he's afeared!" shouted Tobe beside himself with rage at being foiled in his dastardly attempt to convict Neil. "The money was took. Search him, Mr. Ronyane, search him, an' I'll help ye."

"Out ye vulture," exclaimed Shamus. "If you or yer master do but *touch* my father's brother with one o' yer devil's claws, I'll knock ye both down, an walk upon ye!"

CHAPTER VI.

SNAP-APPLE NIGHT.

About half a mile north of the scene of the last chapter, and in close proximity to the Lover's Lane, stands a small, neat cottage, with a large barn attached. The cottage, the barn, and the ground on which they stand is the property of Robert Morrow. As a poor farmer's boy, Morrow had by thrift and industry, saved enough to purchase the picturesque three acres near the Lover's Lane, to build the neat little cottage, in which he installed his young wife as mistress, and the barn, to receive the products of the little farm, and shelter his single horse, his cow, and a few pigs. The Morrow's prospered. Three children, in as many years' were born to them in their

humble, happy home, where they might be living to day had not an elder brother of Morrow's, a bachelor, emigrated to America years before, and dying, left to Robert all his earthly possessions, a large farm and a snug sum of money, with the proviso, that he (Robert) would make that glorious land his future home.

Before emigrating to make his home under the Stars and Stripes, and where many a true Irish heart beats to-day, Morrow, for a nominal sum, rented his little estate to a friend named Micheal Grady, a stonemason by trade, with a wife and two daughters. Grady thought he could make a success of cultivating the sod, but he soon discovered that there was quite a difference between building a stone wall and handling a plow. So, in a short time the three acres, so well kept by Robert Morrow, became a wilderness of weeds. As time went on, Grady altogether neglected the little farm, sold his only horse, bought a small boat with the money and devoted his time to fishing, by which means he made a sorry living for his family. But his poor wife seldom complained, for she loved the

shiftless fellow.

One dark night Grady, with a boon companion, was fishing mid-stream in the Lee, and perhaps having taken a *taste* too much, neglected to light the signal lamp. A steamer plying between Cork and Queenstown, ran into the boat containing the two men and made splinters of it. Next day both bodies were found. Grady's on a shutter was taken home to the heart-broken widow and children, and in the barn (where many a snap-apple-night since the boys and girls of the neighborhood danced to the music of Barney Delaney's pipes), all that was mortal of Micheal Grady was laid, and over him was held one of the largest wakes that was ever heard of in Glanmire. For with all his faults "Mike" had many friends.

Soon after the funeral, Nancy Grady, the eldest daughter, who had a little education, wrote to Robert Morrow informing him of their sad bereavement and asking what disposition should be made of his property in Ireland, as now that their protector was gone, they would have little means to pay rent.

Before the grass was green on poor "Mike's" grave came an answer from the big-hearted man in America. After deeply sympathizing with them, he ended by saying: "As long as the ould mother lives, lave her stay in the little cottage near the Lover's Lane, *rint free.* As I have enough, an' to spare, enclosed find a trifle to keep the pot boilin' for the present." (The trifle enclosed was an order for twenty pounds.)

Many a time since has Mrs. Grady said, while gossiping with the neighbors: "Thanks be to God, an' the noble man across the say, I have the roof to cover my head, an' am not wantin' for the bite, or the sup. Nancy is gettin' good pay below in Cork as a same-stress. Mary is nursin' childre' in the middle road, an' I goes out *now an' thin*, to do a bit o' washin' for the quality."

The evening subsequent to the robbery at Jerry Roe's mill, was "All Hollow E'en," or Snap-apple night, as it is best known by the peasantry of the south of Ireland.

The place selected on this occasion, wherein to hold the festivities, was Mrs. Grady's barn. Provisions contributed by each invited guest, (as is the custom) were sent in advance

thereby obviating the necessity of the hostess laying out a penny for the supper to be partaken of by the hungry pleasure seekers. Each girl must bring a sheaf of wheat; each young man a flail and a bag, (large or small) of apples; and every married man or woman, tallow candles, as many as they please, thus adding to the widow's store for the winter many bushels of wheat, bags of apples, and dozens of candles.

About dusk on the evening in question, Mrs. Grady, short of stature, but broad of girth, gray-haired, and red-faced, was hard at work decorating the barn with holly and ivy. She was assisted by her two daughters, Mary and Nancy, buxom colleens of about 18 and 20 years, neither of whom could lay claim to good looks, but were known the county through as the good-hearted, good-tempered, and good-humored Grady girls. The widow was mounted on a ladder, and with hammer and nails, was putting in its proper place, over the door of the barn, a wreath of glossy green leaves, in the center of which was a sprig of mistletoe. "There," said the proud mother, as she hit the last nail on the head, "'Tis done. Now girls ye

can wish, an' the first man that comes in the dure, ye can fight for."

"I'll fight for no man," said Nancy, with a curl of the lip, as she assisted her mother from the ladder, "They're'll be many a one come under that wrathe before the man I want comes."

"Oh, I suppose so; did Shamus Roe tell ye he'd come late," asked the widow with a good, natured laugh.

"He tould me he'd *come* anyway," replied Nancy.

Mary, who had been looking through the window saw, just outside, the face of Con Fagin, for whom she had a warm corner in her heart, and being sure he'd be the first to enter, exclaimed: "Quick mother, quick, take away the ladder, I've made my wish!" At that moment the door opened, and with a "God save all here," Barney Delaney, the piper, entered.

"God save ye, kindly sur," responded the widow.

Nancy burst out laughing, while poor Mary felt like sinking through the floor.

"Did ye get yer wish, Mary?" tantalizingly asked Nancy.

"No," replied Mary quietly. "But I may get mine sooner than you will yours."

"Ah, sure dear, I was only tazin' ye a trifle. May ye get yer wish in this world, an' a pair o' white wings in the nixt," said Nancy, as she put her arm around her sister's neck.

"May the Lord keep all here from harm," said Con Fagan, as he entered and closed the door behind him,

"Amen," devoutly answered Mrs. Grady.

Con was a tall ungainly young man, with a good-looking face, and a pair of large gray eyes that were brim full of mischief.

"Now's yer time, Mary," said Nancy. "Be the fust to come in the dure after him, an' he's yours."

"Do ye think he is Nancy?" asked poor innocent Mary.

"Of course he is. Away wid ye, or some other girl'll be before ye."

Mary ran through the open door leading from the barn to the kitchen, and in a moment entered from the outside and under the legendary mistletoe.

"Look Con," said Nancy, "See who came under the mistletoe after ye." Con looked

and blushed crimson.

"Where wor ye, Mary?" asked Mrs. Grady.

"Where was I mother?" Mary was confused. "Oh, I was—yis—I wint to the well for wather."

"Where is the wather, Allanna."

"Why you know mother, 'tis beyant in the well."

"But ye could'nt bring the well wid ye, an' ye did'nt bring the wather."

"Never mind, mother," said Nancy. "She brought that which has done her more good. She brought the blush of pleasure to Con Fagin's face when he saw who came under the wrathe after him. "Con blushed deeper, while Mary hung her head.

"Ah," sighed the widow, "Girls will be girls; more's the pity."

"Yis mam, 'tis a pity," chimed in Barney, "but sure, we could'nt all be boys."

"True for ye, Mr. Delaney," replied Mrs. Grady. "Mary, do you stay here an' attind to the company, while Nancy helps me wid the supper." Nancy followed her mother into the kitchen. Outside shouts of joyous laughter heralded the approach of at least twelve or fifteen couple, bent on *divarshun.*

The first to enter under the magic wreath was Nelly O'Brien, followed by Mike Duffy; next came Kitty Maloney, followed by her shadow, jealous Tom Coleman. After followed pretty Nora Brennan, the coquette of the neighborhood; then the scrimmage began, such scrougeing, schuffling, pulling and hauling, (all good naturedly) among the boys, to see who would be the first to enter after the little beauty. In the scramble lame Dinny Grogan was thrown through the door and fell at the feet of the handsome Nora, much to her digust, as she expected to see *some* one else make his way to that coveted spot. After all had entered and quiet was restored, the girls took off their cloaks and hats, and hung them on nails driven in the wall for that purpose. Then came the thrashing of the wheat. Each girl lays her sheaf of wheat in front of the young man she admires or loves, as the case may be. If he accepts, (it is entirely optional with him) he acknowledges the compliment by kissing her. She then unbinds the sheaf and places it on a large sheet, which is spread in the center of the floor, there to await the fate, at her lover's hands, of any one who dares insult

her, namely a d—n good thrashiug. Often three or four girls lay their sheafs at the feet of some Blarney tongued flatterer, who perhaps has been making love to all of them. This puts an end to the—"How happy could I be with either, were 'tother dear charmer away"—as of course he can only accept one, which he must do then and there. The favored colleen rises with a smile of triumph and gazes at her disappointed rivals, who crestfallen retire, only to be laughed at and teased by all assembled. If there happened to be more boys than girls at the gathering, the sheafs that went begging were thrashed the next day by the boys.

Two stalwart fellows stood opposite each other in the center of the floor and in their shirt-sleeves; then as the boys and girls shouted, and the lively music came from the bag under Barney Delaney's arm, each swing of the flail brought the golden grain from the large ripe ears.

A shout of welcome greeted Alice Moyne, as she entered, accompanied by the miller of Glanmire.

"The Lord bring a blessin' upon all here," said Jerry, as he entered.

"The same to you Mr. Roe, an' Miss Alice," came in chorus from all.

Jerry placed Alice Moyne's sheaf in the corner, and she having removed her large heavy cloak, he hung it up.

"That's right, boys!" exclaimed the miller, "Thrash away, help the poor widow, an' bring good luck to yerselves." Several girls brought sheafs and laid them at the miller's feet. "I'll take yours Nelly." The old man kissed her and took off his coat.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Roe?" asked Alice.

"I'm goin' to thrash my shafe," replied Jerry.

"Thrash your sheaf. Why! What do you mean?" and Alice looked surprised.

"Ah! of course you don't know. This is the fust gatherin' of the kind ye wor ever at on Snap-apple night. Wait, dear, an' by-me-by ye'll see the boys an' girls douse in the tub an' snap for the apples. Ye see, Alice, 'tis the custom for every girl who visits the widow's house on this night, to bring wid her a shafe o'whate, an for every man to thrash one. That brings luck to her who gives, an' him who thrashes, an' helps the poor widow

through the winter."

"Pshaw!" said Alice poutingly, "we might have brought several sheafs."

"So we might," replied Jerry, "but that would spile the charm."

"Charm! What charm?"

"Well, ye see, Alice, if a girl brings more than one, that shows that she has two strings to her bow, an' if a man thrashes more than one, he'll have more than one wife."

"I wish I had brought an odd one for you to thrash," laughed Alice.

"No, no, Alice, one was enough for me. God rest her soul. Come, Nelly, give me the flail, an' Grogan do you get forninst me."

Little Dinny came forward. "I have no shafe, Mr. Roe."

"Here girls, some one o' ye give Dinny a shafe," commanded Jerry.

For a moment none of the girls moved. At length, Betty Nolan, tall, gaunt, not fair, but forty, advanced and laid her sheaf at Grogan's feet, at which action there was a loud laugh.

"I'm not high enough to kiss ye," said Dinny looking up at her.

"Thin get a chair, an' maybe ye will," replied Betty, not wishing to forgo her right

to the act of osculation. Chairs, stools and benches were brought forward to give Dinny the requisite height, to the accompaniment of Barney's pipes, and such exclaimations as "Good boy, Dinny," "Take care she don't swallow ye." "'Tis the grate courage ye have," etc. Long Betty Nolan's purple lips were kissed for the first time since her angel mother performed that office. As soon as Grogan wiped the dew from his mouth, he took off his coat and began with Jerry to swing the flail. "Poor old man," said Alice to herself, watching Jerry Roe. "Perhaps it is lucky he has only one sheaf to thrash. I'm afraid that will be too much for him."

The voice of Shamus Roe was heard outside. "Hould Nancy, schoolmaster, hould her!" he shouted, "Or she'll go in the well."

"Well, if she does, I'll not go wid her," said Hannora, as he entered the barn. There was a short respite for Jerry and Dinny when Hannora entered, as all ran to welcome her.

"Yer here soon, Alice," said Hannora, as she placed her sheaf in the corner, and removed her hat and cloak. "Where's Nale?"

"Angry with me," replied Alice, "And

won't come."

"Angry wid ye. What for?"

"Because I insisted on his being searched yesterday. I only did it to prove to Maurice Ronyane that he was innocent. Don't you think I did right, Hannora?"

"Of course ye did," answered Hannora.

Jerry and Dinny had resumed their labor as Shamus Roe swung the door open. "God save all here, barrin' the cat," said the smiling vagabond, as he entered, followed by Tyler McCabe, the schoolmaster.

"The same to you, an' the schoolmaster. 'Tis welcome ye are," came in unison from all.

"More power to ye, Uncle Jerry, to swing the flail," and Shamus slapped the miller on the back.

"Ah! indeed," said Jerry, throwing the flail aside. "'Tis little power is left in me, Shamus. A minute more an' the flail i'd be swingin' me." At this there was a general laugh. Alice, Hannora and several girls brought sheafs and laid them before Shamus and the schoolmaster.

"Oh! schoolmaster, will ye look!" said Shamus, "all waitin' to be thrashed."

"Who, the girls? No, Shamus, it goes agin me to do that, but it's many the boy I've thrashed for being late."

"Then to plaze the girls you must thrash the whate. Whisper, schoolmaster, that's poetry, but don't tell anyone."

"I won't, Shamus," and Tyler laughed.

"I'll take yours, Hannora," said Shamus, as he removed his coat.

"And I'll take yours Alice," said Tyler, "although I'm afeared the strength isn't in me to bring many grains out of it." After the customary kiss, Shamus smacked his lips and said: "That puts a power o' strength into me. Come, schoolmaster, stand opposit me there, an' I'll bring the limpid strame upon yer brow."

"Well as long as ye don't bring yer flail upon my toe, I don't care," replied the schoolmaster. With shouts of laughter, words of encouragement, and the playing of the pipes, the men began their task. After a minute or two, Tyler was blowing hard and fast. "The flail is harder to handle than the birch. Ain't it, schoolmaster?" laughed Shamus.

"Well, I've—I've han—handled bo—both purty well in my—my time, but I'm too oul—

ould for ye, Sham—Shamus," and Tyler stopped.

"Ah thin, *I'm* not too ould for him," said Hannora, as she took the flail from Tyler, and faced Shamus.

"No," said Shamus leaning on his flail, and looking at her, "Yer just the right age, Hannora; about the same age my mother was whin she got married."

"I was'nt talkin' about marriage," said Hannora, with a pout.

"No, but I was," replied Shamus.

"Yer always talkin' nonsense," said Hannora, with a toss of her head.

"Be my conscience," laughed Shamus. "Maybe 'tis no nonsense ye'll find it, whin ye put yer head in the noose."

"Well, I'l take care that your'e not the hangman anyway," and Hannora slapped his face good and strong. In the midst of a roar of laughter Mrs. Grady entered from the kitchen.

"Ah, wisha, 'tis welcome ye are, one an' all," said the old lady, as she advanced and shook hands with Alice and Hannora.

"Miss Moyne, an' Hannora McCabe, 'tis honored the ould barn should be, to have ye

both in it. Oh, Musha Schoolmaster, 'tis young yer lookin'. If I was'nt so ould, 'tis my cap I'd be settin' for ye myself."

"Look out," said Shamus to Hannora, "that he don't make Mrs. Grady yer step-mother."

"Look out for yerself," answered Hannora, "that you don't make Mrs. Grady yer mother-in-law."

"An' Jurry Roe, an' Shamus," continued the widow. "Well, the Lord be praised for all our friends. Whisper Shamus." She drew him aside; "Nancy is in the kitchen."

"Well, bad luck to her," said Shamus, "How did she get there? I left her tied to the cart awhile ago."

"Is it my Nancy tied to a cart?" and Mrs. Grady looked at him in astonishment.

"Where else i'd she be tied," replied Shamus. "Only where she gets plinty to ate."

"Is it my Nancy ate out of a cart!" shouted Mrs. Grady. Alice and Hannora ran to her.

"What is it? What ails ye?" asked Hannora. "What made ye screech?"

"Why wouldn't I screech, when that villain says that my Nancy is outside tied to a

cart, an' aitin' out of it."

"*Your* Nancy?" and Shamus laughed. "Ah! Mrs. Grady, I was spakin' about the horse, I wasn't thinkin' o' your Nancy."

"Oh! thin I wish she could forget as aisy an' not be thinkin' o' you. Look Hannora an' Miss Moyne, ever since he was here last Sunday Nancy does nothing but mope. Not a morsel does she ate, an' hardly spakes, but I suppose the love that's in her for this engagin' vagabone has made her dumb."

"I wish to the Lord," said Shamus aside, "that something i'd make you dumb."

"So ye engagin' vagabone," said Hannora, as she seized Shamus by the ear and dragged him towards her, "that's how ye wor tryin' the flure for the dance to-night. Ah? I wish I had howld o' yer hair."

"An' I wish I had a howld o' that ould woman's tongue," said Shamus as he released his ear from between Hannora's thumb and finger. "Come, Mrs. Grady, he continued, "come put the apples in the tub, an' lave us have a douse."

"Time enough," replied the widow. "Wait till I tell ye.——"

"Ah! ye've tould enough to-night," said

Shamus.

"No!" exclaimed Hannora, "Not half enough, go on Mrs. Grady."

"Abby Creigh is there," and Mrs. Grady pointed towards the kitchen.

The mention of that name brought all to their feet, and Abby Creigh, was whispered from one to the other. "Yis," continued Mrs. Grady. "She's beyant sittin' by the hob in the kitchen. Ah, poor crature, I well remimber the time, when she did'nt have to come for a hate o' the fire, or the bite to ate at a neighbor's house, but that was before his riverence, her brother Owen, was murdered. The Lord a' marcy on him."

"Amen!" came from all present.

"I thought," said Tyler McCabe, "that she was in the mad house."

"She was," replied the widow, "but maybe they druv her out, whin she had no money to pay, poor thing."

"More likely she escaped," said Tyler, "but I dare say she's harmless."

"Quiet as a lamb," replied Mrs. Grady.

"Ah, it was a sad day when some beast in human form broke up that happy home by murdering a worthy man and sending her

forth into the cold world bereft of her reason," and tears came into the eyes of the schoolmaster.

"That he may never prosper, whoever he is," exclaimed the miller.

"Well he would'nt, if I could ketch him," said Shamus.

"That's a vain hope now," said Tyler. "It's over two years since the sacrilegious wretch broke into the sacred edifice and murdered the servant of the Lord."

"Do you think Abby witnessed the deed?" asked Alice.

"Not likely," replied the schoolmaster, "or he would have ended her."

"Maybe 'twould have been the best for poor Abby if he had, bad luck to him," said Shamus.

"*He* only knows what is best," and the schoolmaster pointed upward.

"My theory has always been, that hearing her brother's cry for help, Abby ran to his assistance (but too late) and at her approach the scoundrel fled. At sight of the priest's face, her reason must have joined his spirit. The next morning being Sunday, the first to arrive at the chapel found Abby

Creigh kneeling beside Father Owen, her mind as dead as his body."

"More's the pity," wailed Mrs. Grady. "Before that day she was the life an' soul of Glanmire, for she could sing like a bird an' play upon the organ like a' angel."

"Did ye ever hear one play?" asked Shamus. At this there was a suppressed laugh as the near presence of mad Abby Creigh had dampened the spirits of all assembled.

"Ah, don't be botherin' me, Shamus Roe," replied Mrs. Grady, "but lave me tell my story."

"She's wound up for the night now," laughed Shamus.

"When she kep house for his riverence in the cottage nixt dure to the chapel——"

"The cottage and the chapel are in ruins now," interrupted Tyler, "and I don't believe a living soul has entered either one since he was buried."

"Small blame to them," replied the widow. "The chapel's haunted. Mind ye, I never repate what I hear."

"No, mam," said Shamus, "ye don't unless ye have some one to listen to ye."

"Shamus Roe, I'm the last one to gossip."

"Indeed ye are mam," replied Shamus. "Always the last one."

"Whisper;" and the widow assumed an air of mystery, as all gathered around her. "The travelers that do be comin' through Glanmire from Cork, or Queenstown, says that *lately* they hears strange noises in the chapel. One o' them saw the ghost o' Father Owen, (the Lord betune us an all harm) and the old lady made the sign of the cross, "standin' in the windy, an' another heard the ould organ playin' beautiful tunes."

"Ah! woman, what are ye talkin' about," exclaimed Tyler. "Come Shamus, give us a song to rise the spirits in us."

"I will, schoolmaster, or to drive them away," replied Shamus, or Mrs. Grady'll have all the ghosts from the haunted chapel snappin' at the apples, an' dancin' jigs wid us in five minutes," and Shamus laughed.

"Ye may laugh at the spirits, Shamus Roe," said Mrs. Grady, "but 'tis far away from the haunted chapel ye'll keep. Ye haven't the courage to go there."

"No, mam; I haven't. It'll take all the courage I have to keep me away from the

spirits beyant at the Sack O' Flour." There was a laugh, and loud demands for the promised song, when after much coaxing, the silver-tongued vagabond sang the following:

"THE GIRLS SAY I'M FULL OF THE BLARNEY."

"I'm a tight Irish boy from the town of Fermoy,
The most beautiful place ever seen;
There the colleens are coy, an' the men full of joy,
And the fields are so lovely and green.
Of course ye'll all ask why I left that fine place,
But first let me say I'm called Barney;
I left, bekase there I could never get pace,
For the girls say I'm full of the blarney."

"It's there ye'll find maids of all classes and grades,
Some lean, an' some short, an' some tall;
Some stout an' some thin, an' some, ugly as sin,
But I promised to marry them all.
There's Bridget McGee, an' Judy McKee,
Fat Nance, and a widow called Kearney,
An' little Nell Fay, used to smile when she'd say:
'Ye blackgard, yer full of the blarney.'"

"So after a spell, when they fonnd out the sell,
They all came to know who I'd marry,
'Twas more fun than a fair, an' such pulling of hair,
So I thought it was no place to tarry.
Fat Nance, full of spite, said for me she would fight,
An' blackened the eye of Miss Kearney;
An' little Nell sighed, an' poor Judy she cried;
An' they all said: 'Bad luck to his blarney.'"

NOTE—The above song, words and music, by Con T. Murphy, is published by Balmer & Weber, St. Louis, Mo.

After Shamus Roe's song and the applause had subsided, Con Fagin lowered a large hoop that was suspended from the roof in the center of the barn. Around this hoop were placed alternately and about three inches apart, an apple and a short piece of lighted candle, so with your hands behind your back, the hoop revolving, and you snapping at the articles thereon, it was a difficult matter to know whether you'd get your mouth full of fruit or of tallow. As Con was lighting the candles on the hoop, and Mary was putting the apples into a large tub of water, to be douced for, Mrs. Grady called Shamus aside, and said, with a wink and a prod of her elbow in his ribs: "Nancy i'd be here only she's gettin' the supper. For the last twinty minutes I've had her over the frying pan."

"Yis mam, an' for the last twinty minutes ye had me in it," said Shamus, as he walked away from her.

"Now boys an' girls, douce in the tub, an' snap at the apples to yer heart's content, while I go an' see that the supper don't spile," and Mrs. Grady entered the kitchen for that laudable purpose. Barney squeezed the bag, and with shouts and laughter the boys and

girls, (young and old), douced in the tub and snapped at the apples. The fun was at its height when the door opened and Maurice Ronyane entered. He looked on for a moment unobserved, and then—"Foolish, but enjoyable I dare say," was his comment. At sound of his voice, there was a lull in the merry-making, as all gazed at the intruder.

"A very pretty picture upon my word," said Jerry Roe's partner.

"Yis," replied Shamus, "An' 'tis a grate pity a cloud came in the background to spile it."

"Shamus Roe!" exclaimed Ronyane, advancing, "take care!"

"I will," said Shamus, putting his arms around Alice and Hannora.

"I'll take care of all I hould dear, while your'e around."

"I have a few words to say to Miss Moyne."

"If she wants to hear them, yis, if not, no," and Shamus drew Alice closer to his side.

"I will hear what he has to say Shamus," said Alice. Shamus withdrew his arm from around her waist, as Mrs. Grady's voice was heard calling all to supper. The guests passed through Mrs. Grady's kitchen, into

the cosy sitting room where the table was spread.

"Must I leave her wid him?" asked Shamus of Hannora. "Don't ye think I'd better wait."

"Wait, an' break a poor girl's heart," laughed Hannora.

"What girl's heart?" asked Shamus.

"Nancy's, ye engagin' vagabone. Don't ye know she's waitin' for ye inside," and pushing Shamus into the kitchen, Hannora, full of laughter, followed him.

"Why are you here, and what have you to say to me?" inquired Alice of Maurice Ronyane.

"I am here because I knew I should find you here, and to ask you if you thought well of what you said to me yesterday."

"I have given it all the thought it requires."

"And you will throw me aside for a man who is accused of theft."

"But who is as innocent as I am, and you know it."

"I do not know it."

"Ah, Maurice Ronyane, it is a cowardly revenge for a rival to try and blast the good name of the favored one by such a foul accusation."

"I do not recognize him as a rival," sneered Ronyane. "He is a thief."

"You would not dare to tell *him* so."

"I would. Why is he not here?"

"Because—" and the hot blood rushed to the face of Alice Moyne, as she with bowed head, answered: "that is his affair."

"I will tell you. Because he would not dare to mingle with honest men."

"That is false, being an honest man himself. Is this all you have to say to me?"

"No, I must have the lease of the mill."

"*Must* have it," and Alice laughed.

"Yes! *must*," replied Ronayne with decision.

"And so you shall, if the firm remains as it is."

"*I must have the mill alone.*"

"Impossible to have the mill alone, when you cannot have the lease."

"Who will prevent me?"

"I will!" answered Alice quietly."

"By what right?"

"A proprietary one, *I* being owner of the mill."

"Suppose I should deny that?"

"Then, I would laugh at you, and say you

were mad."

"Listen to me, Alice Moyne. What if I were to tell you that your father and mother were never married. That you are a *child of shame.*"

"I would say you *lied*, you cowardly scoundrel! The record of their marriage is in the little chapel, in Lover's Lane."

"*Was* there, you mean," laughed Maurice Ronyane, "if indeed such a document ever existed."

"*Is* there," replied Alice indignantly, "and as God is just, such document does exist. Why it was only a moment ago the good schoolmaster said no living soul had entered the little chapel since the holy priest who made my father and mother one was murdered."

"Well, since you are so positive that such a record does exist, I will give you until the day after to-morrow to produce it. Then if you fail, what proof can you offer that my words are not true?"

"The best," and a holy light shone in the beautiful eyes of Alice Moyne. "My implicit faith in the honor of your father's sister—my angel mother."

"Such proof would hardly be accepted in a court of justice," laughed Ronyane.

"Ah! Maurice Ronyane, you lord it well over a defenceless girl. God forgive me, for the first time in my life I wish I were a man."

"Well, and if you were, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" replied Alice. And the coward winced as she continued. "I would horsewhip you from the little chapel in the Lover's Lane, where my father and mother were married, to the churchyard where they lie in peace, and there above their graves, upon your knees, make you beg their pardon. Shame upon you, shame!" And she left the depraved scoundrel to his thoughts, while she entered Mrs. Grady's humble sitting room, to mingle with the honest hearts assembled there.

"I am afraid of her," said Ronyane. "Women who don't cry are hard to fight."

"True for ye," said Tobe O'Keefe, who had just entered, dressed like a jumping jack.

"What brings you here?" inquired Maurice.

"Fun, of course," replied Tobe. "Are you enjoyin' yerself?"

"Oh! hugely," answered Ronyane. "And I think I've made it pleasant for others."

"It's a way ye have," laughed the smiler.

"I should think this would be the last place you'd come," said Ronyane.

"No, the fust," replied Tobe. "Don't ye see, if I was to stay away to-night above all nights, some one when they're talkin' over the robbery might be unkind enough to say I done it.

"That would be unkind," laughed Ronyane; "No matter, we've failed in our purpose by some one out-doing us."

"That's what bothers me entirely. Who could have taken it out o' the coat?"

"Perhaps it was never placed in the coat."

"Ah, Mr. Ronyane," whined the sycophant, "would ye doubt my honesty?"

"I know you, Tobe O'Keefe, and I know that you are fond of money."

"Oh, I am, I am, but I'm fonder of revenge."

"I have a plan, which, if successful, will give us money and revenge."

"Ye have, what is it, what is it?" and a

smile illuminated the broad features of Tobe.

"One that will make Alice Moyne wish she had never been born, and Neil Brandon rue the day he ever loved her, for the fellow is proud."

"His pride was taken down a peg yisterday," laughed Tobe.

"And for that reason," replied Ronyane, "he will never rest until he discovers who took the money from the mill."

"Ah thin, my prayer is, that he may never rest," said Tobe.

"*Your prayer*," and Ronyane laughed. "What the devil good is your prayer; scheming is more in your way; listen to me." Had Maurice Ronyane looked over his shoulder, he would have hesitated er'e he had made the large ear of Tobe O'Keefe the recipient of his villainous scheme. A woman stood just inside the kitchen door. She was clad in a gown of dark coarse stuff, with a plaid shawl over her head and held so as to almost conceal her face, a pair of large black glassy eyes gazed at the conspirators. As Ronyane, entirely ignorant of the presence of a third party, continued: "The record of the marriage of Alice Moyne's father and mother

must be destroyed."

"Destroyed! For what?" asked Tobe.

"Can't you see! No marriage; no heiress."

"Oh! I see, I see," and O'Keefe became interested.

"I am the next of kin."

"So ye are," said Tobe, a new light dawning upon him. "My! My! what a head ye have upon ye; fit for parliment. Where's the record to be found?"

"In the ruined chapel in Lover's Lane." Tobe shuddered. At mention of the ruined chapel, a flash of intelligence shone in the sunken eyes of poor unfortunate mad Abby Creigh as she noiselessly opened the barn door and went out into the night.

"Who's to go in the chapel for it?" asked Tobe.

"You are."

"No, no, no!" and the miserable wretch trembled with fear. "I'll not go near the haunted chapel. *I'm afeared.*"

"And I'm *afeared*, if you don't, you'll lose the Sack O' Flour."

"Whin, whin is it to be done?" gasped the cowardly scoundrel. "To-night is it?"

"No! to-morrow night." Tobe gave a sigh

of relief, as Ronyane continued: "There will be less chance of stragglers in the Lover's Lane, as they will be sleeping off the effects this night's fun. 'Twere best we were not seen here together. Go down the road and return when they come back from supper. It will look as though you had just arrived."

"I hardly think they'll hail my arrival wid joy," sneered Tobe.

"No matter how they receive you, make yourself agreeable if you can."

"I'll try," replied Tobe, opening the door to go out. As he crossed the threshold he uttered an oath and called Ronyane to his side.

"Oh, will ye look! Little Danny, the villain, an' beckonin' to some one through the windy. Who can it be, I dunno."

"Alice Moyne of course," replied Ronyane. "I'll stake my life he has a message for her from Brandon."

"He's comin'," said Tobe, as they re-entered the barn and closed the door. "Lave us hide, an' maybe we'll find out what he's here for." And the two worthies concealed themselves under the well-thrashed straw in the corner, there to await events.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAIRY'S GIFT TO ALICE MOYNE.

Pale, lean and hungry looking, as when he took the money from Neil Brandon's coat pocket, little Danny O'Keefe entered the barn and looked cautiously around. "There's no one here, barrin' Mr. Delaney's pipes. I wish I could play a tune upon thim, but sure there isn't wind enough in me to fill the bag," said the little fellow, as he picked up a flail. "I'm very cowld, maybe if I was to give the straw in the corner beyant a good flailin' 'twould warm me." There was a perceptible movement of the aforesaid straw. "No, they might hear me inside, an' that would spile it all, as I must see Alice alone," and he laid the flail aside. "I'm sorry she did'nt see me through the windy. I dunno what to do wid

this piece o' paper Nale gave me to give to her. Poor Nale. I met him above by the haunted chapel. I was goin' to give him the money, but he looked so black an' wild that I thought if I did maybe he'd have me tuck up, an' thin the Lord help me. I'll give it to Alice, an' she can give it to him. Nale tould me to lave no one see me give her this piece o' paper, but how can I do it, whin I can't find her be herself here. Why did'nt she look through the windy. Well, I suppose I must wait below at her cottage 'till she comes home." As he turned to go, his eyes fell on the row of cloaks hanging on the wall. "Oh, there's her cloak, I know it well, for 'tis many the pinny she gave me out o' the pocket of it, an' is'nt many's the pinny I can put back in it now. The fairies do be out to-night, an' she'll think 'tis one o' them. Oh, but 'tis funny takin' the money out o' Nale's pocket an' puttin' it in her's, an' won't they both laugh, whin she gives it to him." As he put his hand in Alice Moyne's cloak pocket, he found her handkerchief. "I'll tie it up in this, an' put Nale's paper on top;" and standing within a foot of the real culprits, he tied the stolen money in the dainty handker-

chief of Alice Moyne. "There," said he, as he put the small bundle in the pocket of the cloak with Neil Brandon's note on top. "Now my mind is aisy, for Nale'll get it. I thought I'd go to America, but I was afeared I'd be axed where I got so much money." Just then the voice of Hannora McCabe was heard singing "The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow." "Ah, 'tis lashins o' fun they're havin' in there," and the tears came into the poor boy's eyes. "God help me, I have no snap-apple night any more. I'd like to have a douce for one o' them apples," as he looked at the tempting fruit floating on the water in the tub, "but I don't like the water on my head. Well, it would'nt hurt my hands anyway," and Danny filled the large pockets of his larger coat with apples. "I'll have my snap-apple wid these up near the haunted chapel, where I hears the beautiful music. Oh, won't Miss Alice laugh whin she finds what the Fairy brought her," and munching a large ripe apple, Danny quited the barn. He had hardly disappeared when the large head of Tobe was pushed through the straw. "Well, bad luck to him," exclaimed the loveing uncle, "so 'twas him that took the money.

Oh, wait 'till I get my hands upon him," and rising, he made a rush for Alice Moyne's cloak.

"What would you do?" said Ronyane, restraining him,

"Get the money," replied Tobe.

"Do not touch it! Why was it put in Neal Brandon's coat?"

"Why! In order to accuse him o' the robbery."

"Leave it where it is," said Ronyane, in a whisper, "Can't we accuse her?"

"Oh! 'tis the grate schamer ye are," and Tobe chuckled. Loud laughing, talking and moving of chairs was heard inside.

"They are coming," said Ronyane. "Away with you and bide your time."

"Oh, lave me alone, lave me alone!" said Tobe, as he went out followed by Ronyane.

"Now thin, boys an' girls!" shouted Shamus, as he entered followed by the revellers, "Since yev ate an' drank yer fill, get yer partners for a four-handed reel. Schoolmaster, de you dance wid Alice, Uncle Jurry, there's Nelly beyant."

"Lave her stay beyant!" replied Jerry, "I'll stay where I am, an' have a *shough* o'

the pipe."

Barney Delaney was again at his post and well able to fill the bag. The music began and the boys and girls welted the floor of the old barn with their feet until it trembled. The last figure of the reel was nearly ended as Tobe O'Keefe entered.

"More power to yez all, dance away, that's right!"

"Is it!" said Shamus, looking at the intruder. "I was afeared you'd think 'twas wrong, an' we've so much regard for yer scruples, that we'd stop if ye did. But don't think, ye 'bird of ill-omen,' that because your'e here, it'll stop our fun. Come girls, get your hankechers an' hide them, an' boys shut yer eyes an' see who'll be the first to find yer sweethearts an' kiss her purty lips." Some of the girls took their handkerchiefs from their dress pockets, while others got them from their cloaks. Among the later was Alice Moyne. She did not notice that her handkerchief contained anything, for as she took it from her pocket, Neil's note fell to the floor. She picked it up, and while the boys stood with closed eyes, and the girls hid their handkerchiefs in all sorts of places,

"Don't think, ye bird of ill omen, that because you're here it'll stop our fun."—*p. 112.*

Alice read the following :

"ALICE :—As I cannot see you to-night, (where you are enjoying yourself with others), meet me to-morrow evening at eight, near the haunted chapel, in the Lover's Lane.

"NEIL."

"Enjoying myself with others. Can he have been here," mentally ejaculated Alice, as she looked around all unconscious of the little bundle held in her hand.

"What ails, ye Alice, an' what have ye in the bundle?" inquired Hannora, as she playfully snatched the "Fairy's Gift," and opening the handkerchief, let the money stolen from Jerry Roe's mill fall on the floor. "Oh! what a foolish girl ye are to carry so much money wid ye."

Alice looked at the money as if dazed, while "Smilin' Tobe" fell on his knees, and picking up the notes, shouted :

"Oh! be the piper o' war 'tis the money,"

"What money?" asked the schoolmaster.

"The money stole from the mill," replied Tobe, as he jumped up and held a torn note towards Tyler. "Look! schoolmaster, look! The torn one pound note, number *Three thousand, three hundert and thirty-three*, that you wouldn't take yesterday from Nale Brandon, an' ye gave back to him. *Mind ye, gave it*

back to him."

"My God!" cried Alice in despair. "Can he have sent this to me?"

"Alice, asthore," said the miller. "Where did ye get this money?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know!" wailed the unhappy girl, as she fell sobbing on Hannora's breast. Maurice Ronyane who had entered as Tobe was showing the torn note to the schoolmaster, came forward and sneeringly said:

"Perhaps the *honest* miller, Neil Brandon, sent it to her for safe keeping?"

"Perhaps you know more about it than he does, Maurice Ronyane," said Shamus.

"Then why is he not here to accuse me, as I do him. Why is he not here to defend her?"

"Defend who?" asked Jerry Roe.

"Alice Moyne," replied his partner. "Let her explain how this money came in her possession and clear herself if she can."

"*If she can!*" And Shamus Roe confronted the "gentleman" miller.

"See here, Maurice Ronyane, if you dare to accuse that innocent girl of the robbery in the mill, she'll find a defender in me that

you won't relish."

"Oh, Neil, Neil!" sobbed Alice. "Why are you not here?"

"Bekase he's afeared he'd be tuck up," said Tobe. "What more proof do we want? The money was found upon you. So 'tis aither him or you. If he was here, what would he do?"

"What would he do?" roared Shamus, as he seized Tobe by the throat. He'd do as I'm doin', he'd throttle the blackguard who dared insult the girl he loves; throw him down, an' put his foot upon his neck." And Shamus suited the action to the word, until the purple-faced scoundrel begged for mercy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAUNTED CHAPEL.

Saint Mary's, or as it is better known in Glanmire, the haunted chapel, was built years previous to the opening of this story. It stands on a crag, nearly at the end of the Lover's Lane, overlooking the River Lee, and directly opposite "Black Rock Castle." The small structure is Gothic, and built of stone. Years ago the tourist on the boat from Queenstown to Cork, would ask: "What is that up there among the trees?" The answer was: "Saint Mary's on the Crag." To-day the answer to the same question is: "The Haunted Chapel."

Adjacent to the chapel, and built of like material, is a cottage which, until two years ago, was the happy home of Father Owen

Creigh, and his only sister, Abby. Father Owen superintended the construction of Saint Mary's, and was its only shepherd, for since the holy man's untimely death, no congregation has ever knelt inside its walls. The exterior is almost covered with moss and ivy, in which are birds nests innumerable. The diamond-shaped stained glass and window sash have disappeared. (Evidently the work of vandals.) Yet, strange to say, the interior of the little chapel is clean and neat. The altar cloth is faded, but not from dust or mold; even the small cabinet organ looks as though the dust cloth had been over its polished surface daily. The superstitious of Glanmire avoids the crag, especially at night. But often can be seen the artist tourist seated on the little stone wall which surrounds Saint Mary's, taking a bird's eye view of the River Lee and the country near by, or sketching the haunted chapel and deserted cottage.

On the night succeeding snap-apple, at about eight o'clock, anyone ascending Lover's Lane from the middle road, would have heard the strains of weird, melancholy music in the direction of the crag, and as the last note

floated away and died in the balmy evening air, they would have heard a wail (*the wail of a broken heart*) come from inside the haunted chapel. If this did not retard their footsteps, and they still possessed the courage to go on, they would have seen an object emerge from the tangled ivy growing on the wall near the chapel, and heard the puny voice of little Danny O'Keefe: "Was I dramin', or did I hear the beautiful music agin. Was it that that woke me, or the hunger? "Oh!" the little fellow sighed, "I think it was the hunger. The fairies wasn't good to me last night, when they didn't lave me see Miss Alice. She'd a gave me somethin' to ate. The other day she called me a poor unfortunate waif. I dunno what that is, maybe she meant a wafer, I'm so thin. Wait till she sees me, if I don't get somethin' to ate soon," and Danny laughed a sickly laugh. "I wonder if all poor boys has as much fun as I do; the crag for my bed; the sky for my coverin'; the dew for my breakfast, an' an uncle who bates me, God help me!" The child looked toward the moonlit sky, and cried: "Oh mother! mother! why didn't ye take me wid ye whin ye

died." Just then strains of heavenly music came from the chapel. The boy listened as though entranced. As the music ceased Danny ran, and parting the ivy over the window, looked into the chapel. "'Tis all dark in there; that's where the music is, but I can't see who makes it. Maybe, 'tis the ghost of Father Owen." He left the window and leaned against the stone wall. "Can ghosts play music? I dunno. If I was to tell thim this below in Glanmire, they'd I say I was bewitched. No one knows but Shamus that I hears it. I hear tell that angels play upon goolden harps. *I know.* 'Tis my mother playin' up in Heaven. I wish she'd play agin, for whin I hears the music, I forgets the hunger. Hark! I hear some one walking in the lane; maybe, 'tis Uncle Tobe huntin' for me, but he'll not find me; I'll hide! I'll hide," and the unfortunate, but well-meaning emissary of the fairies, ran and hid in the shadow of the deserted cottage.

The full moon was nearly at its height, as Neil Brandon approached the haunted chapel and looked around. "No sign of her yet. Perhaps Danny failed to give her my note. If she received it, she will surely come. I'll

wait;" and seating himself on the low wall, Neil looked upon the calm beautiful river below. "What a delightful night, and what a magnificent view from this lonely spot. I thought I heard strains of music as I came up the lane; perhaps it was some honest fellow in his boat regailing the woman whom he loves, with sweet melody upon his accordeon. Ah, my friend enjoy life while you may; your sweetheart to-night, with you by her side, drinks of the cup of happiness until she is intoxicated with bliss; to-morrow some event may occur, and she will wish that you were dead. We are but creatures of circumstances, and what cowards it oftimes makes of us. Here am I accused of theft, and yet no way to prove my innocence. All circumstances against me. A quarrel with my employer; discharged; the money in my keeping gone, yet I cannot account for its loss, but as I sit here, I believe that Maurice Ronyane can. I've dogged his footsteps, have been to every shop where he has paid money, but no trace of my only clew, the torn *one pound note.*" The sound of approaching footsteps caused Neil to turn around just as Shamus Roe appeared upon the crag.

"Why Shamus, what are you doing here, and at this hour?" asked the surprised Neil.

"Lookin' for the thief who stole the money from my uncle's mill," replied Shamus.

"And do you expect to find him here."

"Maybe."

"What?" said Neil approaching him, "here in the shadow of this old chapel. A strange place to look for a thief."

"I dunno," said Shamus sternly. "The divil often loiters at the very dure of the chapel, so that people'll take him for an angel."

"An angel, they would soon discover their mistake."

"Maybe not 'till 'twas too late, wid his smooth tongue an' honeyed words he creeps into their hearts an' homes, is trusted an' beloved smiles in their faces like an angel, thin stabs thim in the back like a divil."

"Why Shamus, you are moralizing to-night."

"I have rayson, after what occurred last night."

"Did you have a falling out with Hannora."

"I gave Hannora no cause to fall out wid

me," replied Shamus, as he looked Neil straight in the face. "Can you say the same for Alice?"

"Alice!"

"Yes, she's to meet ye here to-night."

"How do you know?"

"How do I now! Sure all Glanmire knows."

"Of my note to Alice Moyne?"

"*Your note!* Ah wisha if that was all," sighed Shamus.

"*All!* What more could there be?" asked Neil.

"You mane what more *should* there be," angrily replied Shamus.

"Why did ye not show yer face last night like a man?"

"Because I could not enter into the spirit of your enjoyment, Shamus. I was ashamed."

"An honest man should never be ashamed."

"True, but I feel the disgrace and what proof could I bring of my innocence."

"None, but ye brought *plenty* proof of yre guilt."

"Brought proof of *my* guilt! When, where?" asked the amazed Neil.

"Last night, to Mrs. Grady's barn."

"Mrs. Grady's barn, last night! Why I haven't set foot within it for a month."

"Oh, will ye listen to him! Will ye listen to him," cried Shamus impatiently.

"Shamus Roe, tell me what you mean?"

"I mane, that 'tis a cowardly part in you to make that honest girl share in your disgrace."

"I know it, Shamus, I know she feels it as keenly as I do. Last night I passed many sleepless hours upon this crag, and were it not for her, I would have cast myself into the river below."

"'Tis a pity ye didn't," said Shamus aside.

"Ah, Shamus, Shamus, you've no idea of the feelings of a man who is branded as a thief."

"No, thank God, I have'nt," proudly replied Shamus.

"Last night, here and alone, it drove me nearly wild. I knelt there by that wall and asked the Lord to give me strength to bear my burthen."

"He did'nt hear ye. So like a villain ye took it to her to bear for ye."

"Villain!"

"Yis," replied Shamus, "an' if it was'nt

that, that poor girl that's comin' up the lane is goin' to ax ye yer cathecism, one, or both of us, I'd be over that wall tryin' who was the best swimmer in the river below. See here Nale Brandon, last night I defended you in yer absence, now defend yerself in mine," saying which Shamus disappeared behind the chapel.

"Can I believe my senses," said Neil looking after Shamus Roe. "My best friend calls me a villain. Pshaw, he knows not what he is saying; love for Hannora McCabe has turned his brain. He may do himself some harm, I'll after and——"

"Neil!" The voice of Alice Moyne recalled him, as he started after Shamus.

"Alice!" Neil turned and rushed towards her, as if he would clasp her in his arms.

She held him off and said in icy tones: "I am here as you desired."

"You are here indeed," said the astonished Neil, "but not as I desired."

"No!" There was a gleam of hope in the heart of Alice Moyne, as she took Neil's note from her bosom, "Then you did not desire my presence here, and this note is not yours?"

Neil looked at the note which Alice held

toward him, and said: "That note is certainly mine."

Alice slowly tore it into shreds and threw the pieces on the ground. Then with dignity asked: "Why have you requested me to meet you here?"

"That we might converse without interruption," replied Neil.

"Why did you not come to me at my cottage?"

"Because I will not pollute the threshold of your home while a cloud remains upon my name. Oh, Alice! it has made a coward of me."

"Guilt makes cowards of us all," said Alice disdainfully.

"*Guilt!*"

"Yes, you would remove the cloud from your name by endeavoring to place the guilt on some one else."

"How else can I remove the cloud from my name."

"True, true," and the beautiful eyes of Alice Moyne suffused with tears. "Neil Brandon when but a little girl, I had a hero, a bright eyed, noble, loveing boy. I watched him as he grew into manhood; still I had

my hero. When my father and mother died, and I was left an orphan, I did not feel all alone in the world, for there was my hero, whom I loved with all my soul. My love made me an enthusiast; I took up the brush of romance and painted him as coming to me some day, telling me he loved me, and asking me to become his wife. I painted a pretty cottage, where beneath its thatched roof our loves would grow and bear their fruits of happiness, as the vines grew beside the door, and bore their fragrant flowers, but not like them, wither and decay. For years I painted with not a cloud upon the canvass. Last night I looked, and behold! my labor of love was but a miserable daub. I tore it into fragments, as I did that piece of paper."

"But why, Alice, why?"

Because I discovered *my hero* to be unworthy the love of any honorable woman."

"Alice Moyne," said Neil. "If I was the hero of your painting, I am still worthy of your love."

"Neil, Neil! it is best that all should end between us. Leave this place while yet you have a chance."

"What, leave Glanmire?"

"'Tis best you should."

"I will not stir," said Neil determinedly.

"Then take the consequences."

"Of what?"

"Your crime!"

"*My crime!* Alice, Alice, *you* cannot believe me guilty of this. It was two days ago you said to me, 'where there is love there is confidence.' Who has killed that confidence in your breast; Maurice Ronyane was at the barn last night."

Hearing the angry voice of Neil, Shamus came cautiously from behind the chapel and listened.

"Maurice Ronyane *was* at the barn last night," replied Alice.

"Ah, then, it was he who poisoned your mind against me. What did he say? I have the right to know."

"And so you shall," calmly replied Alice. "He called you a thief.

"He lied, upon my soul he lied."

"Neil Brandon, for mercy sake do not add the crime of perjury to the other," said Alice as she covered her face with her hands.

"And you will take this man's word as proof of my guilt?"

'No," answered Alice, looking him in the face. "but on proof furnished by yourself, *the money stolen from the mill.*"

"Was it found?" asked Neil in astonishment. "Where?"

"In the pocket of my cloak, placed there by you."

"Alice Moyne, are you mad?"

"God help me, cried Alice. "I believe I am since last night."

"*Placed there by me*, did you say?"

"Yes! Who else could select my cloak from among the others. You put it there with your note."

"On my honor, *no*," said Neil. "I was not near the barn last night. The note I gave to little Danny O'Keefe to give to you when alone."

There came a shout from Shamus Roe, which was answered by the fairy men (echoes) for a mile around, as he rushed between Alice and Neil, and exclaimed: "Nale, forgive me. 'Tis I'm the villain, not you at all. Oh, 'tis meself that's the thief. Yis, indeed, the thief o' the world, that did'nt think of it before. Didn't I ketch him the very hour the robbery was dun, runnin' away from the

mill. I axed him where he was goin', an' he told me he was comin' up here to hear the beautiful music. An' I suppose that minute he had the beautiful money in his pocket."

"Shamus, of whom are you speaking?" asked Alice.

"Ah! that little *Leprauchaun*, Danny O'Keefe, an' to think I didn't think o' him. Well, well, well!" and Shamus beat his forehead with his fist.

"Danny O'Keefe!" said Alice. "Poor child, I should never have suspected him."

"And yet you doubted me," said Neil. "Ah, Alice! Why did you not ask me when you came on the crag, if it was I who put the stolen money in your pocket."

"Bekase, she didn't have a grain o' sinse. No, I mane, the divil a grain o' sinse did anyone have, to suspect you at-all-at-all."

"Thank you, Shamus," said Neil, as he grasped the hand of the vagabond.

"Yer welcome, sur;" réplied Shamus, "but will ye look how happy Miss Alice is. Be me conscience 'tis worth bein' suspected, to see such a change in her face. But God bless her! Sure she's a change in human nature."

"A change in human nature?" and Neil looked at him.

"Yis, indeed. Isn't she the first woman ye ever saw that was glad bekase the man she loves *didn't* put money in her pocket." Alice and Neil laughed. "Now go down the lane together," continued Shamus, "an' take yer time goin' home, they'll be no one but the man in the moon to listen to what ye have to say, an' he won't tell."

"Won't *you* come, Shamus?" asked Alice.

"No, dear; I'd only spile the enjoyment of the first happy hour yev had for days. Lave yer trouble behind ye here upon the crag, I'll keep it company, an' maybe find the cause of it."

With his arm around the waist of the woman he loves, Neil said: "Alice I am sorry you destroyed that picture."

"Never mind, Neil," replied the happy girl. "I'll pick up the fragments; put them together, and resume my painting," and in the stillness of the beautiful night, Alice and Neil walked slowly down the Lover's Lane.

CHAPTER IX.

"BLIND MAN'S BUFF."

"I wish Hannora'd suspect me of somethin', " said Shamus, as he looked after them. "But I dunno, it might be dangerous, for I'm afeared I'd be found guilty of all charges agin me." Seating himself on the wall Shamus filled his pipe and began to smoke. "'Tis many a day since I was near the haunted chapel at *night*. 'Tis as quiet as a wake when the corpse is alone. Not a sign of life Aisy, yis; there's a boat wid two min in it, below in the river. 'Tis a fine night entirely for rowin', glory be to God! I dunno what Mrs. Grady'd say if she saw me up here, where she says the ghosts do play 'hide-an'-go-seek' with each other. Well, no matter, I'll jine them in their div-

arshun to-night, for ghost or divil, I'll not stir a step out o' this, till I find Danny O'Keefe, if he's hidin' about here. Oh! to think the little vagabone would do the like, an' after doin' it put the money in the pocket of Alice Moyne's cloak. There's some one behind him. *I think I've druv the nail*, but I must find that *some one* before I can clinch it. But I must find Danny. Where can he be hidin'? under the ivy maybe. Come out here to me Danny, I know where ye are. Come here to me before I go to you." But no Danny appeared. "Is it inside the chapel he could be I dunno." Shamus went to the window parted the ivy, and looked in. "'Tis as black in there as a sweep's face;" and leaving the window he felt of the ivy along the wall, but without finding Danny. "I'll have another blast o' the pipe," and seating himself on the wall, Shamus puffed away and soliloquized: "Maybe 'twas makin' game o' me he was whin he tould me he was comin' up here to hear the beautiful music. Arrah! what music could he hear up here savin' the whistlin' of the wind among the trees, an' thin 'twould have to be a stormy night. Danny, de ye hear me, don't be vexin'

me hidin' there. Come out an' face me." Yet with all his coaxing Danny would not materialize. "Aisy? I think I have a way that'll bring him to the fore if he's anywhere near. Nearly every mid-day below at the mill, Danny, and a few more childre of the neigborhood, will hardly lave me ate my dinner before they want me to play "Blind Man's Buff" wid 'em. I'll play it wid Danny O'Keefe to-night, an' maybe the sound of my voice will bring him to me side, or frighten away the ghosts. I'll try anyway."

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

"With this folded handkerchief, Nora, my dear,
You tightly my two eyes must bind;
Then run, but I'll find you out, never fear,
For I love you, an' love, dear, is blind.
Yes he's blind as a bat, but he's cute for all that,
And the vagabond knows well enough
That the very first man, when the world began.
With a woman played Blind Man's Buff.

Now steal away Nora, dear; I'll catch you never fear,
You may hide, but I know well enough,
That you'd stay here all day, and not run away,
While I played with you, Blind Man's Buff.

While singing the first verse Shamus thoroughly beat the ivy on the chapel and the wall with a stout stick he carried, but

to no purpose. "'Tis no use," said Shamus, "he's not here or he'd show himself. Well, I'll wait 'till he comes for I'll not go home 'till I clinch the nail that I druv;" and again seating himself on the wall he almost unconsciously sang the second verse :

"What a wonderful villain this Cupid must be,
He's such power over man, bird an' baste,
But 'tis mostly with women his arrows agree,
When he shoots, they don't mind it the laste;
For they're fond of the boy, he's so jolly and coy,
An' he's made of the right kind of stuff.
To make them feel sad, or with love drive them mad,
As they play with him, Blind Man's Buff."

Now where are you Nora, dear, I hear you over there.
You may laugh, but you know well enough,
That I'd run twenty miles, lepping hedges and stiles,
Just to play with you, Blind Man's Buff."

As Shamus finished his song he looked towards the chapel and as he did so, his blood almost froze in his veins and his hair began to stand on end (for despite of his bravery he was very superstitious). An object small and black was crawling on the ground in the shadow of the chapel and close to the ivy. Shamus would have taken to his heels, but as he tried to rise from the wall his legs refused to support him.

"Who—what—tell me—what—who — are

—ye?" said Shamus almost in a whisper, and if the object didn't speak, ready to throw himself over the wall.

"I'm Danny," said that little mite of humanity, as he raised from the ground and approached the frightened thief catcher.

"Dan—Danny—musha bad luck to ye, ye nearly frightened the life out o' me. Why didn't ye walk like a Christian, an not crawl on the ground like a snail."

"I was afeared ye'd stop singin' if ye saw me."

"'Tis a wonder I didn't stop brathin' when I saw ye."

"Did ye come up on the crag, Shamus, to hear the beautiful music?"

"I'm bothered intirely," said Shamus, having recovered his wonted courage, seeing that it was Danny O'Keefe and not a ghost that stood before him. "Sure a thief in hidin' i'd never bother his head about music and singin'."

"Are you hungry, Shamus?"

"Hungry, no! I ate my supper."

"I had no supper to ate," said the poor little fellow with a sigh.

"What are ye doin' up here upon the

craig, Danny?"

"Hidin'."

"Who are ye hidin' from, Danny?"

"Uncle Tobe."

"Don't he know yer here?"

"No! If he did he'd ketch me. You won't tell him, will ye, Shamus?"

"Well, that depends upon what *you* tell me, Danny. Now tell the truth. Why did ye stale the money from the mill?"

"I didn't stale it, Shamus."

"Don't be tellin' me lies, Danny, or I'll have ye under the switch o' yer Uncle Tobe in a jiffy."

"I'm not tellin' ye lies, Shamus. I didn't stale the money from the mill. I only stole it from the pocket of Nale Brandon's coat."

"From the pocket of Nale Brandon's coat?"

"Yes! An' thin I put it in the pocket of Alice Moyne's cloak. That's where the fun was." And an apology for a laugh accompanied Danny's last words.

"The fun?"

"Yes! Did she get it, Shamus?"

"Oh, indeed she did. I was there, an' 'twas very funny," replied Shamus.

"Oh! I knew she'd laugh."

"Yes, 'twas such a good joke, Danny. It bothers me to know what yer drivin' at, but tell me this: Why did ye take the money out o' Nale's pocket, an' put it into hers?"

"So that it wouldn't be found in Nale's."

"Oh! I see; yis."

"An' I knew she'd give it back to him."

"But tell me, Danny, who was to find it. *Who put the money in Nale's pocket?*"

"Oh, Shamus! if I tell ye, I'll be kilt."

"Well, if ye don't tell me, ye'll be hung. So ye can have your choice between killin' an' hangin'."

"Do they hang boys, for doin' good, Shamus?"

"Yerra! in the name o' the Lord, what good did you do that ye shouldn't be hung?"

"Didn't I put the money in her cloak?"

"Well, be my conscience, there was a power o' good in that."

"I knew there would be, Shamus."

"Yis, indeed; gettin' the girl that was always good to ye into trouble."

"But didn"t I get Nale out o' trouble? Didn't I save him from bein' transported? The night before the money was took I was sleep-

in' in the mill loft. When the bell rung for dinner next day, I peeped out to see if the coast was clear, so that I could run, whin I saw *him* comin' out o' the mill wid his hand full o' money. He said he bruk the drawer open to get it. He put the money in Nale's coat, that was on the schoolmaster's cart, an' said: 'Now, Nale Brandon, when that's found, who'll be the first to be druv out o' Glanmire, you or me.' But don't tell him I tould you Shamus, or he'll be the death o' me."

"But ye haven't tould me, Danny. Ye only clinched a nail that I druv awhile ago. Whist, aisy! I hear footsteps in the lane." Shamus left Danny and looked down the lane. Returning, he said: "'Tis Maurice Ronyane an' yer Uncle Tobe."

"Oh, don't let him bate me, Shamus, don't!" cried Danny.

"Believe me, my poor boy, he'll never lay weight of his hand on ye again. Whisper, Danny, run around by the cottage an' wait till they're well up on the crag; thin take to your heels an' run as fast as yer legs'll carry ye; wait for me at the mill door; ye'll sleep in the loft to-night, an' have plinty to ate; I'll

have use for ye to-morrow. Now away wid ye." Without another word the poor, half-starved, frightened child, disappeared behind the chapel.

"I must find out," said Shamus, "while my hand is in, what brings these two honest min on the crag at this hour," and the enemy of the two schemers, who were slowly coming up the lane, climbed into the branches of a large tree, from which "point of vantage," with little fear of discovery, he could hear and see what occurred below.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Ronyane of his henchman, as they arrived on the crag, and stood under the very tree on a limb of which Shamus was comfortably seated. "I told you to keep quiet in the lane, yet you chattered like a magpie, and staggered like a drunken man. Is it from fear?"

"No, 'tis from pain," replied Tobe. "My hands are all blistered from rowin' that ould boat down the river. What hindered us from comin' by the road?"

"Fear of being seen," answered Ronyane. "We are here now with no chance of that unless the ghost of Father Owen might spy us out."

"Don't man, don't!" almost screamed the cowardly keeper of the Sack O' Flour. "*Don't*, for the love o' heaven call up the dead. He might come an' thin——"

"Well, and what then," asked Ronyane, laughing loudly.

"He—he'd frighten us away from—from the wo—work we have to do," replied the trembling wretch.

Ronyane looked at him in disgust. "Why you tremble like an aspen leaf and the great beads stand upon your brow. What is the cause of this?"

"Cause—no, no cause," answered Tobe. "Only lave us get dun, an'—an' lave here."

"Well, then every nook——" Ronyane was interrupted by a scream from Tobe that awakened the echo's near and far as Danny ran by him on his way down the lane.

"Did—did ye see it, did ye—did ye see it?" stammered Tobe as he clasped Maurice around the neck and nearly choked him.

"See what?" asked Ronyane, as he pushed Tobe away from him.

"I dunno, but it ran by me like a flash."

"What was it like?"

"Like a ghost, a divil, or a leprauchaun.

Come lave us go."

"Not a step, you craven hound," replied Ronyane, "until every nook and cranny of that old chapel is searched, and the book is found."

"An' if 'tis not found, where's the odds. Lave it alone; haven't ye her anyway wid the proof that's agin her."

"That may fail," said Ronyane, "but no proof of her father and mother's marriage will bring her with shame to the ground. In with you and make a thorough search."

"Is it me go in there? Not for my weight in goold," and Tobe retreated out of reach of Ronyane's stick. "Do you go in. I'll stop here on the crag an' watch."

"You superstitious scoundrel, I wish I'd left you where you left your courage—below in the Sack O' Flour."

"I wish I'd brought some of it wid me in a bottle," said Tobe.

"Should anything human approach," said Ronyane, as he removed his top coat; and thew it on the wall, "give me the alarm, but remember no more of your ghosts or leprauchaunes;" and parting the ivy over the window, the *gentleman* miller entered the haunted

chapel.

"Bad luck to the lase o' the Sack O' Flour," said Tobe, as Ronyane disappeared. "For a hundert years' lase o' my life, I would'nt come up here agin at night. My legs are so wake they'll hardly hould me; I'll sit here upon the wall an' rest 'till he comes I hope he'll not be long." Tobe seated himself on the wall and looked down upon the river, but his promised rest was of short duration. He had scarcely been seated a minute when strains of music came from the chapel. At it's sound, the poor frightened creature clutched at the ivy on which he was sitting and held on with what strength there remained in his arms or he would have fallen over the wall. For a moment or two he tried to speak but no sound came from his lips. He sat there pale and motionless as if his body and tongue were paralyzed. After the music had ceased, by a mighty effort, he shook off the spell that was upon him, and muttered: "What, what was it all; maybe 'twas him tryin' to frighten me." After several attempts he finally stood upon his feet, and said with an air of bravado, (which he did not feel) "I'll not stay here to be made game of by

"Oh," cried the now thoroughly frightened wretch, falling on his knees, "may God help me this night!"—*p. 143.*

him, or ghost or divil." Tobe started for the Lover's Lane intent on deserting his companion, when a voice from the tree shouted: "Stop!" Tobe did so suddenly, and with as much precision as though he were a private in a company of infantry and the Captain had given the command "Halt."

"I'll not, not sto--stop," came from between the trembling lips of Tobe. Although to save his life, he couldn't advance a single step. "Wha—what'll I sto—stop for."

"Bekase I command ye," said the voice.

"Who, who are ye?"

"The ghost of Father Owen," came from the tree.

"Oh!" cried the now thoroughly frightened wretch falling on his knees, "May God help me this night."

"He'll not help ye in the business yer here for," said the voice.

"What brought ye on the crag at this hour?"

"To get a book, yer riverence."

"What book?"

"The marriage re—record, sur."

"For what did ye want it?"

"To—to bur—burn it sur."

"Oh, ye villain, ae ye ever think o' the burnin' ye'll get yerself."

"I do sur, I do, but I'll repint if ye'll only lave me go."

"I'm not done wid ye yet," said the voice. "For what did ye want to burn it?"

"So's Alice Moyne couldn't prove the marriage of her father and mother, sur."

"Tell me," said the ghost, "did he that's inside o' the chapel put ye up to this? Tell me an' I'll forgive ye."

"He did sur, but sure 'twould be axin' too much for *you* to forgive me, after what I've dun to ye."

"I know that, ye vagabone, but what did ye do to me?"

"Ah, sure, yer riverence knows well."

"Oh, indeed I do," said the ghost, "but as yer never told the truth below in Glanmire, lave me see if ye'll tell it up here. What did ye do to me?"

"I—I kilt ye, yer riverence."

"Oh!" came from the tree, and if Shamus had not a firm hold of the limb, he'd been with it. Tobe's confession came upon him so suddenly, for with all of the "smiler's" faults Shamus never suspected him of mur-

der. "*Why did ye kill me, Tobey?*" asked the ghost.

"Bekase ye prached agin me," answered Tobe. "An' the bad drop was in me agin *you.*"

"Ah, the bad drop is always in ye. An' 'tis many's the bad drop ye put in others below at the Sack O' Flour."

"That's it, that's it," said Tobe. "That's the way ye always prached, an' that's what druv me wild the mornin' before ye wor kil—before ye died ye came to me an' tould me to sell no more licker to Larry Hoolihan, or if I did ye'd read my name out nixt day at the railin' before the altar, an' put the ban o' the church upon any o' the congregation that intered the Sack O' Flour. I knew if ye did that my business i'd be kilt, and so——"

"Ye kilt me, ye murtherin' villain?"

"Don't I confess it," groaned the murderer. "At the break o' day Sunday mornin' I came up here to the chapel. 'Twas an hour or so before fust mass; the windy was open; I looked in, an' there ye were upon yer knees. I crawled through the windy, crep up behind ye, an' druv the knife into yer side."

"For which act," said the ghost, "the devil 'll drive his fork into you."

"Ye found me upon my knees, prayin'. Yet that didn't stop yer hand?"

"Why would it? Wasn't you goin' to prache agin me?"

"Ah, ye inhuman monster," and for a ghost there was a volume of strength in the voice. "But my memory is not good since ye prodded me wid the knife. What did ye do thin?"

"Kep away from ye, for ye war roarin' like a bull, an' tryin' to ketch hould o' me till ye fell. Thin I heard a voice outside say: "What ails ye, Owen?" So I made my way through the windy an' wint down the lane."

"An' its down the lane yer been goin' ever since. But the knife that ye kilt me wid, did ye throw it away?"

"Is it to have some one find it an' put it in ivedence agin me. I'm not such a fool. No, yer riverence, I kep it. I have it below in the Sack O' Flour. 'Tis the one I cuts the bread an' mate wid for the customers."

There was a commotion among the branches

of the trees, which was caused by Shamus falling from the limb on which he was comfortably seated to a fork below, where he held on with all his strength (which wasn't much) for the latter part of Tobe's confession had made him faint and sick. For a moment or two in his new position, Shamus was silent, as his sudden and quick descent had bruised him considerably.

"Are ye gone, yer riverence?" asked Tobe, noting the silence.

"No!" answered the ghost. Then in a lower voice to himself: "But 'tis a wonder I ain't. 'Tis a miracle that I'm not poisoned intirely, for 'tis many's the piece of bread an' mate *cut by that same knife* I've ate in the last two years."

"Spake louder yer riverence," said Tobe trying to catch the mutterings of the ghost, "I didn't hear ye."

"Didn't ye," replied the ghost; "Well I heard you, an' I heard enough from ye, ye blood-stained vampire. Away wid ye before I jump down upon the top o' ye."

"I'm goin' sur, but now that I've confessed ye'll lave me alone, won't ye. I'll repint yer riverence, I'll repint, an' whin we meet in

the nixt world——"

"Out upon ye, ye highbinder," interrupted the ghost; "repint or no repint," never drame that *we'll* meet in the nixt world. My voice'll be heard singin' among the angels, while you'll be heard cursin' and swearin' among the divils. Away wid ye out o' sight."

Tobe raised from his kneeling position and with tottering gait, walked slowly down the lane. As he placed distance between himself and the ghost, he accelerated his steps, until finally he began to run, at which pace he arrived at the Sack O' Flour, where for the present we will leave him with his bottle and his thoughts. When Shamus could no longer see the self-confessed murderer, he descended from the tree. "Well," said he, as he stood on terra firma, "I think I played Blind Man's Buff to some purpose to-night. I have Tobe O'Keefe on the hip clane an' nate. My, my, the murtherin villain, an' to think no one suspected him; bad luck to me for an aisy goin' fool. When every one in the neighborhood put the hard word agin him, although I said nothin' there was pity in my heart for him, an' at the same time I was payin' for, an' aitin' bread an' mate cut be the

knife that kilt poor Father Owen. 'Tis enough to turn me agin bread an' mate for the rest o' my life. I dunno was it Ronyane playin' upon the ould organ. I nearly fell out o' the tree whin I heard it. Maybe there's some truth in the story that Danny tells me about the beautiful music. I'm bothered, 'twasn't to play upon the organ that brought Maurice Ronyane here, but to stale the book with the names of Alice Moyne's father an' mother inside of it. Well, Mr. Ronyane ye'll not take that book off the crag to-night, unless yer a better man than I am; I'll wait till he comes out," and Shamus sat upon the wall in the shadow of the chapel, where he could command a good view of the window through which Maurice Ronyane entered.

CHAPTER X.

WITHIN THE CHAPEL.

While Tobe O'Keefe was confessing the murder of Father Owen to Shamus Roe, there was also a scene being enacted within the chapel. Scarcely had Ronyane entered through the window, when he heard the music that frightened Tobe. It was so dark within the chapel that he could not see his hand before him, but not being of the superstitious class, he called out "Who's there?" Receiving no answer, and having visions of people being stabbed in the dark, he was about to retreat, when the descending moon cast a ray of its soft light through the window above his head. He looked in the direction from whence the music came, and there he saw seated at the organ, her back

towards him, the sister of the murdered priest, Abby Creigh; she was playing some beautiful plaintive melody.

Ah, surely such a scene, at such a time, and in such a place, should have caused Maurice Ronyane to have fallen on his knees to ask God to help him to renounce his evil ways and pray to *Him* for his forgiveness. But, no! Sight of poor demented Abby Creigh, sound of holy music, or fear of the Almighty's wrath had no effect upon the sacrilegious scoundrel.

"Abby Creigh," said Ronyane in surprise, as his eyes fell upon her. "I thought she was caged. Could some one have sent her here to thwart me? If I thought so I'd strangle her. Pshaw, she's crazy. Knows not what she's doing. Yet the cunning of madness may outwit me. I must conciliate her, and she may aid me in my search." Abby still played unconscious of the presence of any one (save her dead) until Ronyane approached, tapped her on the shoulder and called her name. At the sound of his voice she stopped playing, raised quietly from her seat at the organ and faced him.

"Why are you here?" she asked. "Is it

to take me back agin. I will not go!" Then in a pleading voice: "Don't take me back, leave me here with my dead, where all is peace. *There*—there is no peace. They tie my hands and beat me. *Don't take me back!*"

"No, Abby, you shall not go back," replied the robber. "Besides I did not come to take you. I came to see the ruin by moonlight."

"The ruin and the ruined," sobbed the poor soul. "Did you not also come to see me?"

"I must confess, Abby, I did not expect to find you here," answered Ronyane.

"Why not? this is my home. Where else should I be but at home? People say that I am mad. No, it is not madness; it is grief—grief for him whose almost forgotten grave is covered by the rank weeds in yonder churchyard."

"No, not forgotten, Abby."

"Yes, forgotten by all save me. I heard him sing to night and I listened in the darkness there by the window with bated breath lest I should lose a sound. Did you not hear him?"

"Often," replied Ronyane. "Why, it was in this very chapel my father and mother were wed; at least, so I've been told, but I would have further proof than mere hearsay."

"Proof! Who told you they were married here?"

"My mother."

"And you would have further proof? Merciful God!" exclaimed Abby, "is it any wonder that I am mad when nature is so changed that we doubt the mother who gave us birth? *Proof!* What further proof *can* you have?"

"Their signatures, my father's and mother's upon the page in the marriage record; it is here is it not?"

"Yes, but you shall not see it," replied Abby.

"I swear I will," said Ronyane, approaching her in a threatening manner.

"Stand back!" cried Abby, as she folded her arms upon her breast and looked him in the face, "did you come with blood upon your hands? Would you desecrate God's holy temple? If I refuse, would you murder me as *he* was murdered there; there upon the

very spot on which you stand."

"*I would have that book at any price*," said Ronyane, as he advanced a step or two towards Abby.

"At any price save the *price* that he paid, you shall have the book; there shall be no more murders beneath this roof. You shall have the book, but you will give it back to me?"

"Yes, but give it to me at once," impatiently replied Ronyane.

Abby raised a slab of slate in front of the altar, and took out from the opening a medium-sized well-worn book. "There," said she, as she handed the book to Ronyane, "there is the book you seek; you will find the proof you asked for therein," and again seating herself at the organ she began to play, as Ronyane made his exit through the window, laughing at his success in obtaining the marriage record so easily. As his feet touched the ground outside he called for Tobe. Receiving no answer, he shouted loudly, "Tobe." His reply came from the echoes, "Tobe! Tobe! Tobe!" "The cowardly dog has deserted me. Well no matter, I've got what I came for—the book. Now Alice Moyne,"

said the elated robber, "with this consigned to the flames who can prove the marriage of your father and mother?"

"Meself an' the book," said Shamus as he advanced and snatched the record from Ronyane.

"Shamus Roe," shouted the baffled thief, "What are *you* doing on the crag?"

"Huntin' *black-birds*," replied Shamus, "an' I've caged a couple."

"Then one of them will fight for his freedom," said Ronyane, as he rushed upon Shamus.

"In that case," said Tobe O' Keefe's ghost, I'll have to clip his wings," and shooting out his right arm, it came in contact with Ronyane's chin, and sent him sprawling and senseless beneath the window of the haunted chapel, leaving him lay there. Shamus with his prize walked gaily down the lane, singing "Blind Man's Buff."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARRIAGE RECORD.

The morning after the events narrated in the last chapter Tobe O'Keefe was astir bright and early. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he had been in bed at all since he left the crag. He looked tired; the color had forsaken his face and left it pale as that of the proverbial ghost. He was seated at the customers' table in front of the Sack O' Flour, paying strict attention to the contents of a black bottle.

"D—n the marriage record an' him that took me to hunt for it," said he, as he swallowed a glassful of the "ardent." I dunno did Ronyane hear me talkin' to the ghost. If he did 'tis all up wid me, not that I think he'd say a word about it, but he'd hould it

over my head an', day or night, make me do his biddin'. 'Tis a wonder Father Owen said nothin' about the ring I took from his finger whin he fell. I have it wid me ever since."

Tobe took from the inside pocket of his waistcoat a small package; it was the *seal ring of the murdered priest* securely wrapped in tissue paper. Untying the package and opening it, he gazed without a tremor at the positive proof of his damnable crime.

"This would hang me if 'twas found upon me," said he, as he returned it to its hiding-place. "'Tis worth a pound or so, anyway, an' the nixt time I go to Cork I'll get rid of it."

"What will you get rid of?" asked a voice at his elbow.

Tobe jumped in the air as though he'd been shot.

"What—who—what did ye see?"

"When," asked Ronyane, for it was he who came so suddenly upon Tobe.

"Now—awhile ago. What did ye see?"

"I saw you jump as if the ghost had hold of you."

"Go-ghost, there no such thing as a go-ghost. Did ye ever hear one spake?"

"Certainly not. But what are you going to get rid of?"

"The Sack O' Flour," replied Tobe. "I'm goin' to give it up."

"Going to give it up!" and Ronyane laughed. "You'll be compelled to give it up!"

"Who'll make me if I don't want to?"

"Its owner, Alice Moyne."

"Didn't ye find the book?"

"Yes!"

"An' did ye burn it?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because it did not remain in my possession long enough."

"What de ye mane?"

"I mean that you are a coward and ran away. Had you remained, the marriage record would not now be in existence, as you could have given me warning of the presence of that eavesdropping scoundrel."

"Who de ye mane?"

"Shamus Roe."

"Was he upon the crag last night?"

"Yes, and perhaps heard every word of our conversation."

"I'm undone," said Tobe, as he filled a glass with courage and dashed it off at a gulp.

"We're both undone, and all your fault. Had you remained at your post, Shamus Roe would have had two of us to deal with instead of one, but now he's got the book and can laugh at us."

"Was it him that took it from ye?"

"Yes, d—n him, and knocked me down into the bargain, but I'll be even with him," hissed Ronyane with an oath.

"Do, do," eagerly said Tobe; "have him took up for strikin' ye."

"Don't be a greater fool than you are; I'll be lucky if he doesn't have me 'took up' for robbing the chapel," replied Ronyane, "but I can swear that Abby Creigh gave me the book."

"Was she there?"

"Yes, I was rather surprised on entering the chapel to see her playing on the organ."

"Then it wasn't the ghost that was playin'."

"What ghost?" asked Ronyane.

"The—no matter," answered Tobe, and again he had recourse to the bottle.

"True, ghost or devil, it doesn't matter much now," said Ronyane bitterly; "Twice

we've been beaten at our own game, that devil Shamus Roe defeated me, and the ghost of Father Owen frightened you."

"How de ye know that," asked Tobe; a look of terror in his face, "*did ye know that he was there?*"

"You superstitious dog, leave you alone, and that weak brain of yours would conjure up a thousand ghosts. I know I left you on the crag, and I know that you deserted me. I also know that I have lost the mill, and that you have lost the Sack O' Flour; the book taken from me by Shamus Roe will prove Alice Moyne's right to the possession of both of them."

"Can't we frighten her into givin' us the lases?"

"Frighten her, how?" asked Ronyane.

"The stolen money found in her pocket. Tell her that I'll swear that I saw her take it."

"That wouldn't frighten her a particle?"

"Why not?"

"Because she'd know full well that no jury would convict her on the evidence of such a scoundrel as you are," replied Ronyane.

"Scoundrel, is it!" retorted Tobe, angrily.

"Well, Mr. Ronyane, when the devil was huntin' hinchmen, believe me, he didn't pass you by unnoticed."

"No," laughed Ronyane. "One or two actions in my past life evidently called that gentleman's attention to me. But then I don't pose as an angel."

"Small blame to ye," replied Tobe. "Ye know well enough that the golden slipper was never made to fit the cloven foot."

"Enough of d—n nonsense," said Ronyane, impatiently. "The only way to make Alice Moyne bow her head is through Neil Brandon. If we could only get little Danny to swear that he saw Brandon rob the mill and put the money in his pocket; then afraid of its being found there, bribed him (Danny) to take the money to Alice Moyne for safe keeping, you see the boy's story would carry some weight."

"Oh, it would, it would," cried Tobe; "now we have them safe an' sound.

"Do you think the boy will do it?" asked Ronyane.

"Av coorse he will; why wouldn't he?" replied the loving uncle. Don't I keep the hunger from his stomach an' the could from

his back?"

"Well, yes, O'Keefe, you keep his back warm enough with the rod, whatever you do with his stomach, poor lad."

I'll make his back warmer whin I find him," and Tobe shook his fist at an imaginary Danny, an' if he don't come to the fore an' swear as I desire, I'll flay him alive."

"If I may judge from what I've seen of that boy, he won't submit to many more of your flayings. A little kindness would be more to the point."

"Bah, show kindness to a dog an' he'll turn an' bite ye; bate him well an' he'll do yer biddin," said Tobe as he held up the bottle. "Come, lave us go inside an' drink to our new schame. This bottle's impty; 'tis marvelous how much a man can drink whin he's in trouble. I imptied that bottle be meself."

"I thought you had the ghost of Father Owen with you," laughed Ronyane, as he entered the Sack O' Flour.

"For the love o' heaven, lave him rest," said Tobe as he followed.

Ronyane and Tobe had been about an hour drinking to their "new schame" when the men arrived at the mill. The bell announced

the hour of seven, the wheel commenced to revolve, and the day's toil of the honest miller began. Fearful that when Ronyane recovered consciousness, he would proceed to find Shamus, and endeavour to regain posession of the book, that night prowling vagabond at dawn of day knocked at the door of Alice Moyne's room. and after recounting to her how it came into his hands, gave it to her. After heartily thanking him, Shamus withdrew to the kitchen to have a drag o' the pipe, and think over the events of the night (for sleep he could not), while Alice, seated on the edge of her dainty bed, closely held her treasure to her heart. A smile of triumph lighted up her beautiful face, for now she could vindicate her honored parents, and prove to Maurice Ronyane that she was not the *child of shame.* But the smile turned to a look of despair; as after search and re-search, *she failed to find in the Marriage Record the names of her father and mother.* Summoning Shamus, she told him of her discovery, and dispatched him in all haste for Tyler McCabe, the schoolmaster. In due time that worthy man, accompanied by Hannora, Shamus and "Nancy," arrived at the mill, where they

were met by Jerry Roe and Alice Moyne.

"Is it true," asked the schoolmaster, as he descended from the cart, "Is it true what Shamus tould me?"

"If he told you," replied Alice, "that the names of my father and mother are not registered in the Marriage Record of Saint Mary's, then he told you truly."

Dear, dear!" exclaimed Tyler, "how can that be, are the laves paged Alice?"

"No," replied Alice, "the leaves are not paged."

"Then," said Tyler. "Maybe that divil's bird Ronyane cut the lafe out. Ye see, not bein' paged, ye couldn't tell where it was cut from."

"No," said Shamus. "He cut no lafe out o' the book. I had my eye upon him. The book was in my hand one minute after it left Abby Creigh's.

"Was she there? An' did she give it to him?" asked the schoolmaster in surprise.

"She was there, an' she gave it to him," replied Shamus.

"I'm bothered," and Tyler scratched his head. "I'm bothered to know why she gave him the book."

"To save her life," answered Shamus.

"Did he threaten to kill her?" asked Jerry Roe.

"Indeed he did," replied Shamus.

"An' you heard him?"

"I did."

"Then why didn't ye go in an' knock him down?"

"Well, as I didn't see him lay his hand upon her, I waited till he kem out to do that."

"An' did ye, whin he kem out?"

"Well, I left him lyin' above upon the crag anyway."

"Yer a good lad," said Jerry. "Now go to yer work, the wheels has just began to go round, an' if ye don't go soon ye'll lose a half a day's pay."

"Ye might as well make it a whole day's pay, Uncle Jerry, for divil a tap o' work will I do in the mill to-day. I've other things to look after."

"What other things?" asked the miller.

"Ketchin' some chickens that's come home to roost," replied Shamus.

"So it seems," said Tyler McCabe, "that Maurice Ronyane had murder as well as rob-

bery in his heart whin he wint in the chapel last night."

"No," said Alice Moyne, "I believe my loving cousin's visit to the chapel last night was to prove the truth of an assertion he made to me "Snap-Apple Night" at Mrs. Grady's."

"I wouldn't believe him on a stack o' bibles," exclaimed Shamus.

"What did he assert?" asked the schoolmaster.

"*That I was a child of shame.*"

"Oh no, no, not that, Alice, acushla," said Hannora as she drew the weeping girl's head upon her bosom.

"He lied," cried Jerry Roe excitedly. "*God* knows he lied."

"Aisy, Jerry, aisy,; sure we all know that," said Tyler, trying to soothe the miller.

"*He* never was a child of shame or a man of shame either," said Shamus (Shamus was a little at sea as to what was meant by a "child of shame"), "he never had a grain of shame in him, bad luck to him."

"Houl' yer tongue, ye ignorant omadhaun," said Jerry, "an' go hunt for yer chickens."

"O, I'll find thim whin I want thim, niver fear," replied Shamus.

"There dear, don't cry any more, don't; sure ye may have looked through the book too fast an' missed the names. You an' me'll go through, lafe after lafe, quiet an' aisy, an' take my word for it, we'll find thim." Poor Hannora was endeavoring to awaken a gleam of hope within the heart of the unhappy girl, but in vain.

"I know Hannora, darling, you mean well, but the plain facts stare me in the face. *The names are not there.* Maurice Ronyane knew that he spoke the truth when he gave me two days to prove the contrary; he also knew that, having the most implicit faith in the honesty of my parents, I would make no effort to produce the record of their marriage; so, to convince me and bring matters to a climax between us, I sincerely believe his only object in visiting the chapel last night was to obtain possession of the book, place it in my hands and thereby prove the truth of his assertion. As to his committing murder, *no*, bad as he is, I don't believe he would descend to that."

Thus did Alice Moyne defend the man who for days had been using every rascally means to blast her honest name. A defence which

Maurice Ronyane would take advantage of later on, for within the Sack O' Flour over his jug of punch he had listened to every word uttered by those outside.

"Alice, ye make me mad," said the schoolmaster, "ye defind a blackguard whose only aim is to get possession of your property and who would resort to any manes to attain that end, even by casting a slur upon the honored dead. And is it the word of a villain like this that would make you doubt the honesty of your father and mother? Believe me, my child, their names are registered *there*, in a book that Maurice Ronyane'll never get close enough to stale."

"Schoolmaster," replied Alice, "do not think so meanly of me as to imagine for one moment that I have ever doubted the honesty of my beloved parents. An angel from heaven could not make me believe they were not wed in the little chapel on the crag, but Maurice Ronyane will take advantage of the absence of their names from the Marriage Record of Saint Mary's and proclaim to the world that I am without a name."

"Thin I'll tell the world he's a d—n liar," said Shamus. "For I was there whin you

wor christened, Alice Johanna!"

"'Tis a pity *you* wor ever christened, ye chatterin' jack-daw!" exclaimed Jerry. "Or born either!"

"Ah, Uncle Jerry, what would Hannora do if that ivint hadn't took place?"

"I know what I'll do in an ivint that'll take place soon. I'll box your ears!" And Hannora looked at Shamus as though she meant it. "Keep yer jests an' gibes for some other time, don't ye see the trouble we're in now?"

"Yes, an' bad luck to me, I'm the cause of it all. I wish 'twas Ronyane brought the book in place o' me."

"Yer not to blame, my lad," said Tyler. "Ye did what was right. But come, lave me take a run through the book, an' see what I can make out of it."

The two girls led the way to the cottage, followed by the schoolmaster and Jerry Roe.

"Maybe," said Shamus, who remained standing near the mill door as the others departed, "maybe 'twould be a good thing if I wasn't born, since I wasn't born to good luck, like Paudeen O'Rafferty. I try to do right, but I'm always doin' wrong. If

I hadn't brought her the book she'd never know what's in the inside of it, for she'd never see hide or hair of it from Ronyane. If I hadn't took the pledge, I'm afeared 'tis drinkin' I'd be to-day. But no, the sales are yet fresh upon my lips an' I won't break them," and Shamus sauntered towards the cottage to join the others in their search through the marriage record.

CHAPTER XII.

AN HOUR'S TRIUMPH.

As Shamus Roe entered the cottage, Ronyane and Tobe, who had been watching him, came from the Sack O' Flour, their gross faces illuminated with joy, and their weak brains muddled with whisky.

"Have another taste," said Tobe, his right hand firmly clasping the neck of the bottle.

"No," replied Ronyane, "I must keep a clear head for what's before me."

"Ah, man alive, sure what's before ye is as straight as a string. Yer the master here, an' can do what ye plaze. What's before ye is to drive thim out, every one o' thim; drive thim out like ye'd drive pigs out o' a sty."

"Have no fear O'Keefe, sight of Alice Moyne and her friends will not offend your

eyes much longer; they shall go, one and all of them; but this driving out, as you call it. cannot be done in a day."

"A day!" shouted Tobe, "I wouldn't wait an hour, a minute; I'd drive——"

"The law my dear fellow," interrupted Ronyane. "The law must take its course, I must first prove that Alice Moyne is not the heiress."

"Don't the book prove that, didn't ye hear thim say that her father an' mother's names wasn't in it; sure that's law enough; get the book, they can't deny ye that. We'll take it below to Cork, an' show it to Dan Mooney, the lyer. He'll say 'tis all right; thin we'll get Mick Carmody, the constable, he's the boy for ye. We'll tell him what to do an' there won't be one o' thim left in the neighborhood be supper time."

"Put that bottle away, you're drunk."

"Yis, I am, drunk wid joy. Oh, this is the greatest day o' my life. I can now show Nale Brandon what drivin' out manes, an' tache Shamus Roe to be mannerly to his betters. Aha, 'tis my turn now; not one o' thim that's been agin me will I lave darken the dure of the Sack O' Flour."

Maurice Ronyane laughed, "How do you know the Sack O' Flour will be yours?"

"How do I know it, ah, Mr. Ronyane," cried the cringing creature; "Ye wouldn't take it away from me now, would ye sur, after all I've dun for ye?"

"That depends on how you get Danny to swear against Neil Brandon."

"Danny'll transport him an' her too."

"Never mind her, let us only get him disgraced and out of the way, and we'll have her safe enough, but first—" and Ronyane whispered in Tobe's ear, "We must find that missing leaf."

"What missin' lafe?"

"The missing leaf from the Marriage Record."

"How de ye know there's one missin'?"

"I'm sure of it, as I am that we stand here; how could her father and mother's name disappear from the book *if some one had not tampered with it?*"

"Ye mane if some one hadn't tore out the lafe wid their names upon it."

"Precisely."

"Now's my chance," said Tobe aside, as he took another swig from the bottle. After a

good half pint of the contents had rippled down his throat, he turned to Ronyane, "An' so ye'd like to find that missin' lafe?"

"We have no assurance of success," replied Ronyane, "while it is in the hands of others. It was evidently taken from the book (as was the money taken from the coat) to thwart us, and like the money, may turn up at any moment."

"No fear of it turnin' up," said Tobe with a knowing wink.

"Why not?" asked Ronyane.

"Bekase 'tis burned, but I hope 'tis no wrong I dun Mr. Ronyane," whined Tobe, as he looked askance at his chief.

"What *have* you done?" asked the astonished co-conspirator.

"Well, sur," replied this modern 'Ananias', "The night of the goins on below at Mrs. Grady's, after I was knocked down an' walked upon be Shamus Roe, I was wild for rivinge, so say's I to meself, I'll take it out upon Danny for bringin' the money to Alice Moyne in place of lavin' it where I put it—in Nale Brandon's coat. Well, sur, I waited an' waited for him to come, till I got tired, then wid a stout stick in me hand, I started out to

find him. Divil a know did I know where I was goin' till I found meself upon the crag, near the haunted chapel. Seein' where I was, all thoughts o' Danny wint out o' me head, an' I remimbered you an' the book. 'What's to stop me now' says I, 'of gettin' the book, as there's no one about to see me?' No sooner said than dun, so in I goes through the windy. After sarchin' a bit, I finds it. What's the use o' me luggin' this big book wid me says I, 'tis only the lafe wid her father an' mother's name upon it that *he* wants, so I outs wid me knife, an' nate an' complate, I cuts the lafe out."

"Where did you find the book?" asked Ronyane, looking at him suspiciously.

"Is it whin I wint inside the chapel?"

"Of course you couldn't find it outside. *Where* did you find the book?"

There was a nervous twitching of Tobe's lips as he answered:

"On a little shelf behind the altar."

"Tobe O'Keefe," said Ronyane, sternly. "You are lying to me! Abby Creigh took the book from beneath a stone slab in front of the altar."

"Of course she did!" Tobe had some-

what recovered his composure. "Where else'd she take it from? For wasn't it there I put it after I cut out the lafe?"

"Why did you put it there?"

"So's no one else'd find it as aisy as I did," replied Tobe.

"After the leaf was gone was the very time I would have had it found."

"Of course, I knew that. But ye wouldn't have it found lyin' about where anyone could lay their hand upon it? Sure, then people would say: 'Tis aisy enough to account for the names not bein' in it.' But if after sarchin' an' sarchin' they found it under a slab stone, where the divil himself couldn't find it (savin' he knew where it was): 'That book was never touched since the priest—since the chapel was closed for sarvices.' That's what they'd say thin."

"There's something in that," said Ronyane. "But why did you let me go on a wild goose chase when you knew the leaf was destroyed?"

"I wanted to surprise ye a trifle if be chance ye found the book and looked inside of it; ye'd be surprised, wouldn't ye sur; thin I wanted to show ye that I wasn't afeared to

go inside of the haunted chapel at night."

"You might have spared me a very unpleasant interview with that poor, demented creature, Abby Creigh,"

"I didn't know she was there, sur, or I would. Anyway, I was goin' to tell ye as ye wor goin' through the windy where to find the book, but that minute I saw Shamus Roe comin' up the lane. I wouldn't call ye thin for fear he'd hear me, an' I knew he wouldn't look inside the chapel for he's afeared o' ghosts, so I hides behind a tree till he passed me and thin made me way down to the Sack O' Flour."

"And left me to be nearly murdered by that night-prowling scoundrel."

"Ah, sure sur, ye ought to be able for him any day, but look at the fall we can take out o' him now, *him* and thim. But maybe, sur," said the inventive sniveller, "maybe 'tis wrong I dun in burnin' the lafe."

"If what you say is true, you have done me a great service, for which you shall have the Sack O' Flour."

"Ah, Mr. Ronyane, sure 'tisn't for the sake o' the Sack O' Flour I dun it; 'tis the grate regard I have for ye, sur."

"Well, Tobe, through your *grate* regard for me I can defy Alice Moyne to prove that she is the heiress, but first I must collect my thoughts and then I will visit the Lady Alice."

A parting glass with Tobe, and Ronyane sauntered leisurely down the lane toward the river.

Tobe laughed as he looked after the receding figure of Maurice Ronyane. "His mind is aisy about the missin' lafe," said he, as he took up the bottle to replenish his empty glass. "That is if there is a missin' lafe. Sure if it was where he says, underneath a stone forninst the altar, divil a sight anyone had of it for years till last night. No one knew where it was or bothered thimselves about it, an' I don't think Abby Creigh set her two eyes upon it, since the last couple was married in the chapel, till she gave it to Ronyane. I've no rayson to fear any lafe from that book turnin' up at this late day. So the Sack O' Flour is still mine, an' Nale Brandon (if we can't sind him to jail), him an' his frinds'll have to pack bag an' baggage out o' this," and Tobe laughed loudly.

"'Tis enjoyin' yerself ye seem to be, drink-

in' an' laughin'," said Shamus, who had just returned from the cottage, and was about to enter the mill as he heard Tobe's laughter.

"Why wouldn't I enjoy meself, sure no one can stop me from laughin' whin I like, an' drinkin' what's me own, can they?"

"Oh! the sorra the one." replied Shamus. "A man may drink whin he's dry, an' laugh whin he has somethin' to laugh at. You're always dry, so drink away, but it bothers me to know what yer laughin' at."

"Bekase I'm in the humor; is that answer enough for ye?"

"Oh, indeed it is, but sure, I might have known that yer such a humorous kitten, but what puts ye in such good humor to-day?"

"Joy at the downfall of some of my good friends" sneeringly replied Tobe.

"Twould be an odd thing," said Shamus, "to hear of the downfall of any *o' your friends.* Savin' they fall in a ditch from a skin full o' your liquor."

"Jibe away, Shamus Roe; but my time has come——"

"Not yet Tobe," interrupted Shamus. "But it will soon."

"I say my time has come to see you an'

yer uncle an' Alice Moyne an' Nale Brandon druv out o' this part o' the country ; ye all lorded it over me to yer hearts contint, now 'tis my turn. Why, man alive, my sides aches laughin' whin I think of it."

Shamus watched the contortions of Tobe's face until he thought that he (Tobe) would burst a blood vessel, and thereby cheat the gallows. Still Tobe laughed on, little dreaming in the exuberance of his joy, that above his head, at that very moment, hung suspended an ax, the sustaining power of which was no stronger than a spider's web.

When at last from sheer exhaustion, Tobe stopped laughing, Shamus asked: "Who's goin' to do the drivin', Tobe? If we're goin' to be druv like a parcel o' sheep, 'tis well to know who houlds the whip."

"A man that'll not fail to use it. Maurice Ronyane, no less. Shamus Roe, ye did a bad job whin ye knocked him down last night."

"How do you know I knocked him down last night? Wor ye there?"

"No!" I was home in my bed. I wasn't near the crag last night."

"Then who tould ye that I knocked him down? Was it the fairies that come to yer

bed an' whispered it to ye?"

"No, he tould me here, himself, a while ago."

"'Tis airly he kem to *you* wid the news."

"Who else would he come to here but me? 'Tis small welcome they have for him above at the cottage."

"Small blame to thim for that."

"Yis, an' small blame to him for tryin' to get what belongs to him. 'Tis time he showed her, wid her high an' mighty ways, that she has no right here. He wint to the chapel to get the book, bring it to her an' show her that her father an' mother's names was not in it, but you saved him the trouble."

"I did, bad cess to me, an' now I'm sorry for it."

"Av coorse, ye're sorry whin 'tis too late, but you're too aisily led, an' 'tis a grate pity, for ye're a very knowin' boy."

"Oh, I am sur, 'tis the power o' knowledge I have; sure I know enough to hang some people."

"To be sure ye do," and Tobe chuckled, "ye know very well that 'twas Nale Brandon that robbed the mill."

"Whisper Tobe, betune you an' me, I

know well who robbed the mill."

"Swear to it, Shamus, swear that ye saw *him* do it an' it'll be a purty pinny in yer pocket."

"Will it now? The pinny'd be very welcome after I'm druv out by Mr. Ronyane."

"I think, Shamus, he'd lave *you* stop here if ye'd only show Nale Brandon that he can't wind ye 'round his finger like a piece o' thread. Sind him where the dogs can't bite him an' you'll be safe enough."

"Well, that'll be a consolation, anyway, to know that I'll be safe, no matter what becomes o' him; 'tis a thorn he is in the sides o' both o' yez.

"I hate him; sure if it wasn't for him, you an' me'd be friends to-day."

"No, not to-day Tobe; we might be yisterday, but not to-day."

"For what rayson?"

"Well, ye see, you an' me'll soon part company, an' whin we do, it won't be long before you'll get a rise in the world, an' thin ye'll never look at me agin."

"Ye'll always be welcome at the Sack O' Flour, if ye'll only do as I bid ye now, but come lave us drink to my risin' in the world."

"I would Tobe wid all my heart, but I have the pledge."

"Bah, the pledge made to a couple o' petticoats," said Tobe disdainfully, "isn't worth a pinch o' snuff, show them that yer a man an' ——"

"I will," interrupted Shamus, "but to be a man I must ate, an' I'm as hungry as a salt-cod in fresh wather. Bring me a bite o' somethin', divil a morsel did they cook above in the cottage to-day. Ye see they're in so much trouble, that——"

"May they never get out of it," said Tobe, as he entered the Sack O' Flour.

As Tobe went after the "bite o' somethin' to eat," Shamus crossed over to the mill and called, "Danny! Danny!"

"Here I am Shamus," said the little fellow, as he looked out of the window of the loft, "but I'm achin' wid the hunger."

"Lave the windy open," said Shamus, "an' I'll throw ye somethin' up after awhile, but don't stir from where ye are till I call ye."

"No fear, sur," and Danny disappeared from the window as Tobe came from the shebeen with half a loaf of bread, a piece of cold ham, and a large knife.

"There ye are, Shamus," said Tobe, as he placed the provender on the table. "Now ate yer fill an' wash it down wid a taste o' this." Raising the bottle to fill a glass for Shamus, he discovered that it was empty. "Not a drop in it, Well, no matter, the Lord be praised there's plinty more inside. Now, Shamus, make yerself comfortable, yer my friend an' must ate an' drink at my expinse to-day." Intent on conciliating Shamus, Tobe made another pilgrimage for the purpose of regaling him.

Shamus again crossed to the mill, and climbing up the door which stood open, called Danny, and handed him the bread and meat, which the poor child began to masticate with avidity as Shamus returned to the table.

"'May they never get out of it' (manin' the trouble, an' for thim above at the cottage) that's what he said. Ah, thin, Mr. Tobe O'Keefe, whether they get out of it or not, 'tis in it you'll get to-day. I'll frighten him a trifle fust by puttin' a couple o' hot irons under his feet to see how he'll stand the hate."

Tobe returned with the replenished bottle.

"Come, Shamus, my boy, drink while ye ate an—— Where is it?" asked the astonished Tobe, as he noticed the absence of the bread and meat.

"Gone, every morsel of it," replied Shamus.

"'Tis hungry ye wor. Well, much good may it do ye."

"Never fear, Tobe, 'tis a power o' good 'tis doin' where it is now."

"Wash it down wid a taste o' this." Tobe filled a glass with liquor and held it towards Shamus.

"No, I never could drink upon an empty stomach."

The extended glass nearly dropped out of Tobe's hand as he looked at Shamus and repeated his last words, "Impty stomach?"

"Yis," said Shamus, "what I ate this mornin' wouldn't keep a mouse alive."

"'Tis the stomach of an ox ye have. Here see if 'twill hould this wid the rest."

"No," and Shamus waved aside the still proffered glass, "I'm not dry; 'tis sleep I want, not drink."

"Small blame te ye," replied Tobe, "for I suppose 'tis little sleep ye had last night."

"The sorra's the wink," yawned Shamus.

"how could I sleep wid the drames that I had?"

"Drames?"

"Yis, above upon the crag near the haunted chapel."

"What did ye drame, Shamus?"

"Well, whin I wint up upon the crag the night was fine (glory be to God!). So, after smokin' a pipe or two, I laid down under the ivy that covered the wall; soon the drame kem upon me; I thought I heard beautiful music playin', thin of a sudden it stopped an' I saw comin' up the Lover's Lane two robbers. Whin they got upon the crag they stood as close to me as you are now an' began talkin' about some book or other, thin——"

"Ah, what are ye talkin' about, man," interrupted Tobe nervously.

"About my drame; oh 'twas a marvelous one. Well, sur, after a time one o' the robbers wint away and left the other one there, but he didn't stay long, he was frightened at somethin' and took to his heels, whin the voice of some one up in a tree over my head tould him to stop. Ah, Tobe, 'tis a good thing ye wor home in yer bed last night, for if ye ever heard the voice above in the tree,

'twould have frightened the life out o' ye."

"I'm not so aisily frightened," said Tobe. "but why are ye tellin' *me* this?"

"Didn't ye say a while ago that ye were my frind, an' who would I tell it to but my frind, an' to-day won't I prove my frindship by placin' in the hands of the sheriff of Cork the thief that robbed the mill?"

"Nale Brandon; 'twas him that dun it, Shamus, but he's keepin' close. De ye think ye can find him?"

"Ah, the villain o' the world, to rob my poor Uncle Jerry."

"Whisper, Tobe, I can lay my hand upon him as aisy as I can upon you," and Shamus laid his hand on Tobe's shoulder.

"But it isn't aisy, yer layin' yer hand upon me," said Tobe as he wriggled and squirmed to get out of the clutch of Shamus. "Take it away, sure one'd think be the way yer houldin' me that 'twas me ye suspected."

"I've gone beyand suspectin'" said Shamus as he released Tobe from his grasp," no Tobe I don't *suspect* you. But I haven't inded my drame yet. Well sur, whin the robber was tould to stop by him in the tree, he fell upon his knees an' shook like a lafe; small blame

to him, for would ye believe it sur, he thin and there confessed that 'twas he that murdered Father Owen Creigh, the Lord 'a mercy on him."

"Ye say ye heard him confess," said Tobe, as he reached for, and got possession of, the knife on the table.

"In my drame, yis," replied Shamus.

"Of course ye saw him in yer 'drame'. What did he look like?" and Tobe weighed each word as he asked the question.

"*The very picture of you*," answered Shamus.

Tobe jumped up, knife in hand, and rushed upon Shamus, but quick as thought the "vagabone" had him by the wrist, and held his hand aloft.

"I was about to tell ye Tobe, how the murderer said he dun it, but you wor goin' to save me the trouble, by plungin' that knife into my side, just as he said he plunged it into the side of the holy man, an' that knife that ye hould in yer hand is the very picture of the one he said he kilt him wid. Look, Tobe, look, there's *human blood upon it!*"

Tobe dropped the knife, and with a cry of

horror, rushed into the Sack O' Flour.

"The hot irons is burnin' his feet," said Shamus, as he picked up the knife, and in true brigand fashion, placed it in the waist-band of his breeches under his coat. "I'll keep this for fear he'd make away wid it. It'll never cut another morsel o' bread or mate for Tobe O'Keefe or his customers. All I'm afeared of is, that I made the irons too hot, an' that he'll suspect me of knowin' too much an' give me the slip. Well, I'll not lose sight him for long anyway. I'll find Con Fagin, an' sind him to Cork for the Sheriff." As Shamus started on his mission, he was hailed by Danny.

"Shamus," said the little voice in a whisper, "come up here I have a power to tell ye, about what I heard thim say."

"I haven't time now Danny, wait till I come back. Don't stir from where ye are, unless ye see yer uncle Tobe lave the Sack O' Flour. If ye do, folly him, an' let me know where he's gone."

Danny withdrew into the loft, as Shamus wended his way up the road in the direction of the Lover's Lane.

In a few moments Tobe came from the Sack

O' Flour, looking ten years older since Shamus told him there was human blood upon the knife. "He's gone," said the poor haunted creature, "gone, an' taken the knife wid him. So much the better he took it, to put it in ividence again me, but I'll turn the tables upon him. So 'tis him that was in the tree, an' nearly frightened the life out o' me; made me confess an—but no jury would believe that I was such a fool. Folly on Shamus Roe; you had your fling last night, I think it'll be mine to-day, for before the night falls, I'll have you where ye can drame to yer heart's content, an' in the mornin' have no one to tell it to. Ah, if I had only took a drain o' this wid me last night (Tobe referred to the contents of the bottle) neither man nor divil would make me confess what I did." Filling a glass he was about to raise it to his lips, when he paused, and laid the glass on the table. "I'll drink no more to-day, as Maurice Ronyane says I must collect my thoughts to see what's before me."

Ah, if Tobe O'Keefe only *knew* what was before him as he sat at the table to collect his thoughts!

While Shamus Roe was relating his

"drame" to Tobe, Tyler McCabe was seated near the window in Alice Moyne's cottage diligently searching the Marriage Record of St. Mary's, for the names of her father and mother, but his search was in vain.

"I'll go over it once again," said the persistent schoolmaster, "the names *must* be here or else there's been foul play."

"Of course there's been foul play," said Neil Brandon, who a few moments before had joined the party in the cottage, "and Maurice Ronyane knows all about it."

"To give the divil his jew," said Jerry Roe "I don't believe Ronyane ever saw that book till last night, but thin he might——"

"Aisy," exclaimed the schoolmaster, interrupting Jerry, "aisy, what's this?"

They all gathered around the man of "larnin' ".

"See," he continued, "on the bottom of this page is the name of John Dargin to Mary——. Ye can see there wasn't room enough to finish the name, and here," as he turned over a page, "begins a new entry at the top of this page, leaving the name of John Dargin's wife Mary to yer imagination. My friends, *there's been a lafe taken from*

this book."

"And on that leaf was registered the names of my father and mother," said Alice Moyne.

"Well," and the schoolmaster shook his head, "I don't think the names of anyone is on it to-day, for whoever cut that lafe out o' this book has destroyed it."

There was a knock at the cottage door.

"Come in," said Alice.

The door swung open and Maurice Ronyane entered. "I beg your pardon," said the intruder, "I thought Miss Moyne was alone." He was about to retire when Alice spoke.

"These are *my friends*, sir, and if you have anything to say to me, it can be said in their presence."

"Your friends are my friends, I trust," and there was suavity in the voice of the double-faced scoundrel as he bowed low and continued: "I have very little to say to you at present. I merely came to get your acknowledgement of the truth of my assertion. I refer to the Marriage Record of Saint Mary's.

"The truth of your assertion I will never acknowledge," replied Alice. "There has been a page stolen from that book, and on that page was recorded my father and

mother's marriage."

"Absurd," laughed Ronyane. "Yet for the sake of argument, admitting that a page has been abstracted, why that *particular* page, while all the others remain intact?"

"Because," replied Alice. "On that *particular* page was the obstacle that barred your way to the accession of this estate."

"Your words, I take it Miss Moyne, are meant to cast a slur upon my honor."

"Your honor," said Neil Brandon, sneeringly. "I doubt if you know the meaning of the word."

"For which doubt," replied Ronyane, angrily, "I would call you to account if you were a gentleman."

"If such as you lay claim to the term gentleman, I thank heaven I am not in the same category. But I am a man," said Neil, proudly, "and as such I will hold you responsible for your cowardly persecution of this lady."

"*You* hold me responsible," Ronyane laughed scornfully. "Look you, sir, for aught I may say or do, I will not be held responsible by a thief."

Neil Brandon jumped up, and was about

to rush at Ronyane, when the voice of Alice Moyne recalled him to his senses.

"Remember," said the terrified girl. "Neil Brandon, remember where you are!"

"You can see," said Ronyane, glad and lucky at the interference of Alice, "what a boor he is, a person who knew anything would not be remiss in courtsey to a gentleman beneath his own roof."

"I deny that yer beneath yer own roof," and the tall form of Tyler McCabe confronted Ronyane, "before ye lay claim to a slate upon it, we'll have recourse to the law," Mr. Maurice Ronyane.

"The sooner you have recourse to the law," replied Ronyane, "the sooner will I come into possession of what belongs to me, Mr. Tyler McCabe.

"Ah, thin," said Jerry Roe, "if the law gives you possession of what belongs to ye, it'll give ye possession of a prison cell."

"I'll have my say to you later on, Mr. Jerry Roe."

Bowing to Alice, Ronyane left the cottage. As he proceeded towards the Sack O' Flour, his thoughts made him laugh, they ran thus: "I've stirred them up, they are

like a swarm of bees, and become aggressive when you would remove the hive that covers them, but the leaf burned by Tobe O'Keefe, renders their sting powerless. "Ah, this is indeed, an hour of triumph."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MISSING LEAF.

After leaving the mill, Shamus Roe lost no time in reaching the cottage of Mrs. Grady, that being the most likely place to find Con Fagin, but there disappointment awaited him, for, contrary to his usual custom, on that day Con failed to put in an appearance.

"Won't ye go inside an' see Nancy," asked the good widow, whom Shamus found (to use her own expression) "up to her nick in suds."

"No, thank ye mam," replied Shamus, "I've no time for Nancy to-day."

"No, nor any other day;" and Mrs. Grady threw a bundle of unwashed clothes into the tub, spattering Shamus all over with soap suds. "Since Hannora McCabe kem to the fore, I suppose my daughter's not good

enough for ye."

"Hannora McCabe, mam, has always been to the fore wid me," said Shamus, as he rubbed his clothes with a cotton handkerchief, "an' as for your daughter, she's good enough for any honest boy, but 'tis not a wife I'm huntin' to-day Mrs. Grady, but Con Fagin." So saying, Shamus turned upon his heel, and left the widow to her washing.

As the "vagabone" turned into the Lover's Lane, on his way back to the mill, giving up all hope for the present of finding Con, and fearful of Tobe giving him the slip, he distinctly heard some one calling him by name. Looking up the lane he saw the weird form of Abby Creigh approaching him from the direction of the haunted chapel. He was about to run, when she summoned him to stop, and very reluctantly he obeyed her. On nearing him, she put the question.

"Are you afraid of me, Shamus Roe?"

"No, ma—mam, but I'm in a great hurry," stammered Shamus, as he moved a step or two away from her.

"Stay where you are," said she, as she took from her bosom a small folded paper, and held it up. "Do you know what this is?"

"Yis, mam, 'tis a piece o' paper I think," replied Shamus.

"Tis a leaf taken from the Marriage Record of Saint Mary's; I cut it out myself."

"Did ye, mam; well I suppose ye had a right to cut it out if ye plased."

"They think I'm mad," and Abby laughed, "Do you think I'm mad?"

"Well, mam, ye see I'm a poor judge o' madness. I'm a better judge o' whate, an' if ye plaze, mam, I must be goin'——"

"Aha!" cried the poor woman, "I'm sane enough to foil them in their attempt to ruin the good name of an honest girl. I've always liked Alice Moyne."

For the first time, since Abby took the paper from her bosom, it dawned upon the mind of Shamus that perhaps that was *the* paper to make the heart of Alice Moyne glad, for in his anxiety to get away from the mad woman he never gave a thought to the book taken from Maurice Ronyane, even when Abby mentioned it to him.

"De ye mane to tell me, mam, that that's the piece o' paper wid the names of Miss Moyne's father and mother upon it?"

"Yes. Here, take it to her," and she

handed Shamus the missing leaf. Tell her I took it from the book to save her good name and baffle two villains."

"The Lord bless ye for it, mam. Miss, sure 'tis the good news this'll be to her."

"Good news! Yes, there's good news for every one but me. Take it to her while I go and continue my search."

"Did ye lose something, mam?" asked Shamus, as Abby turned away.

"Lose something," said Abby as she again faced Shamus, *lose something*! Why, did ye not know? I lost my brother Owen, and I'm searching day and night for his murderer, but all in vain—all in vain."

"Well, mam, it'll be vain no longer, as I've found the murderer of Father Owen."

"*Found him, did you say?*" and there came a scream from Abby that turned the blood cold in the veins of Shamus Roe. "Where, where is he?"

"Below, near the mill, ma'am, and as one good turn deserves another, if ye'll be at the mill in about an hour I'll show him to ye, for to-day, wid the help o' God, I'll give him into the hands of the law."

"Law," cried the demented creature, "what

law should there be for such as he? Ah yes, *the law of the Jews*, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' " and leaving Shamus she ran, laughing wildly, up the lane towards the haunted chapel.

Shamus placed the precious piece of paper in the inside pocket of his waistcoat and walked slowly back to the mill. He also wanted to collect his thoughts and lay out his plan of battle, as he had several batteries already loaded and primed to open on the two conspirators, but didn't know which one to fire first. As he approached the mill, he saw Ronyane and O'Keefe seated at the table near the Sack O' Flour.

"Why are you not at your morning's work?" was Ronyane's greeting.

"I am," replied Shamus, "an' 'tis the best mornin's work I iver dun."

"Out hunting blackbirds again, I suppose; did you find any?"

"No, I have as many as I can keep my eye on at present."

"See here, Roe," said Ronyane mockingly, "you've mistaken your vocation, you'd make a good Scotland Yard man."

"I'm content enough," replied Shamus, as

he sat on a pile of sacks, "to be a good Glanmire man."

"I'm afraid your usefulness in Glanmire has reached its limit."

"Well, I dunno," said Shamus, lighting his pipe, "but I'll stay here anyway till you get yours."

"Until I get what?"

"Your limit," and Shamus blew the smoke above his head.

"What do you mean," said Ronyane, rising and approaching Shamus.

"Just what I said," and Shamus puffed away.

"You said you would remain here until I got my limit."

"No! I said I'd *stay* here an' that's what I mane."

"Now let me tell you what I mean: First, you are no longer in my employ."

"Which manes that I'm not to work for ye any more?"

"That is just what it means."

"Then ye have nothin' to say if I work agin ye?"

"That is what you have been doing ever since you entered the mill. You confessed

to Tobe O'Keefe that you know who robbed me."

"I know who robbed the mill, if that's what ye mane."

"And yet you have not given him up to justice, which proves you to be an accessory."

"A which?" And Shamus blew a cloud of smoke in Ronyane's face.

"A party to the act," replied Ronyane, coughing.

"It was a dirty act, an' dun by a dirty blackguard."

"Of course; and yet *you* allow him to mingle with honest men."

"Birds of a feather'll flock together. Thim that I've seen him wid are as bad as himself."

"And are all in league against me. Take my advice, Shamus Roe, prefer the charge of robbery against him, or I'll have you both safely lodged in jail before night."

"Is it the thief and me? Oh, he'll be there safe enough; but as for me I'm comfortable in the lodgin's I'm in. Now let me tell *you* what I mane." Shamus raised from the sack and shook the ashes from his pipe. "Fust? I'll not take your discharge from the mill, for I'll stay there in spite o' ye;

nixt, if ye ever agin accuse me o' bein' a acciss—— or what ever ye call it, in place o' your sindin' me to the jail, I'll sind you to the hospital. Ye know me, Maurice Ronyane, an' ye know I'll keep my word." An the vagabone looked him straight in the eye.

"Come away from him, come away!" cried Tobe, as he ran to Ronyane and drew him away from Shamus, "he has a knife upon him, an' may be tempted to use it, come lave us go inside."

"Your threatening me in the presence of this witness, Shamus Roe, will be another mark against you," said Ronyane, as he entered the Sack O' Flour, followed by Tobe.

"Any marks that you have agin me," shouted Shamus, "I'll rub out as clanely as I did the figures on Tobe's slate."

Shamus turned to go to the cottage to deliver to Alice Moyne Abby Creigh's message and the missing leaf, when he saw Hannora coming towards him, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Hannora darlin'," said the "vagabone," as he put his arm around her waist, "is it cryin' ye are this beautiful mornin'?"

"Is it laughin' ye'd have me?" replied

Hannora between her sobs, "an' we all in so much trouble."

"Ah, throw yer trouble to the winds," laughed Shamus, as he drew her towards him and kissed her. "Sure I'm bilin' over wid joy."

"Joy!" exclaimed the astonished Hannora.

"Yis, I've a load of it here on my heart," and Shamus placed his hand over the missing page. "Nora, dear, I've that inside o' my waistcoat that'll make ye all dance wid joy."

"Yerra, what have ye there, Shamus?"

He was about to tell her, when he hesitated. "No," said he aside, "I'll surprise thim all at once."

"Shamus, dear, what is it?"

"What's what, Nora?"

"That that ye have inside yer waistcoat an'll make us all dance wid joy."

"Did I say I had somethin' there that'd make ye all dance?"

"Yis, wid joy, Shamus."

"Well, 'tis there yet, an' 'tis somethin' ye'd give yer two blessed eyes for."

"Thin why don't ye tell me what it is?"

"Bekase I'm afeared ye might tell some of the girls an' they might stale it."

"The sorra's the word will I say about it."

"Will ye promise me that, Hannora?"

"I will, Shamus."

"Thin, darlin' I'll tell ye. Inside o' my waistcoat is meself." And Shamus laughed loudly.

"Well, 'tis not much that's inside it, bad cess to ye," said Hannora angrily, "ye ought to be ashamed o' yerself Shamus Roe, laughin' like that whin poor Alice Moyne is cryin' her eyes out."

"What is she cryin' about?" innocently asked Shamus.

"The missin' lafe out o' the book, an' she's afeared it'll never be found."

"Who says it'll never be found."

"My father."

"Your father's an ould jackass."

"What's that," screamed Hannora.

"I mane your father is a schoolmaster, an' a grate man; but schoolmasters an' grate min don't know everything. Who tould her there was a missin' lafe?"

"My father; didn't he go through the book."

"Ah, Nora, dear, 'tis many a book your father wint through, an' 'tis many a lafe

he missed."

"'Twould be well for you, Shamus Roe, if ye wor half as well larned as my father."

"There isn't a man in Glanmire," said Shamus, with an air of consequence, "knows half as much as I do to-day."

"My, my, but it is a grate opinion we have of ourselves. Was it a fairy ye kissed this mornin' that gave ye all this knowledge?"

"No, dear," replied Shamus. "'Twas an angel I kissed this mornin' whin I kissed you."

"Well, if ye do it agin I'll slap your face."

"I'll take slaps all day for kisses from ye." And the brawny fellow put his arms around her and drew her towards bim. A scream, loud and strong from the imprisoned Nora, brought the schoolmaster, Jerry, Neil and Alice to her side.

"What ails ye, Hannora?" asked her father. "What made ye screech?"

"He did wid his goin's on," cried the girl as she ran to her father's arms. "I believe he's mad. Keep him away from me." "Yerra, don't mind her, schoolmaster," laughed Shamus. "Sure 'tis only the joy that's in

me that makes me a trifle playful."

"Fitter for ye be a trifle sober; wor ye drinkin' again?" asked Jerry.

"Yis, sur, I was," humbly replied Shamus.

"Oh, Shamus, Shamus!" said Alice re proachfully.

"What wor ye drinkin' ye blackguard," asked the miller. "Was it whiskey?"

"No, sur, 'twas the jew from Hannora's lips whin she screeched."

In despite of their depressed spirits, there was a supressed laugh at the vagabone's reply.

"Out o' my sight, an' go to yer work," said Jerry as he turned aside to hide the smile on his good natured face.

"Where'll I go to work uncle Jurry?"

"In the mill, of course; where else would ye go?"

"I can't do it, sur."

"Why not?"

"Bekase I'm discharged."

"Who discharged ye?"

"Him that says he has the right, Maurice Ronyane."

"He's beginning soon," said Tyler McCabe.

"Yis, sur, but his ind'll be all the sooner,

wait," and Shamus gave the schoolmaster a knowing wink.

The bell rang the noon hour, as Ronyane and Tobe emerged from the Sack O' Flour. There was a smile on the senior partner's face, as the men came from the mill. "Wait boys," said he, "I've something to say to you."

The millers turned towards Ronyane, and in respectful silence, waited to hear what he had to say.

"You all know that the mill has been robbed."

"Yis, sur, we do," and James Dooley, an old miller stepped forward; "An' we all thank God that none of us was there whin 'twas dun."

"Had you been there at the time, *my friends* you would not have been suspected. I know who the thief is."

"Oh, indeed ye do," laughed Shamus.

"And so does Shamus Roe; he confessed as much to Mr. O'Keefe."

"Yis, boys, I did; I tould *Mister* O'Keefe that I knew who the thief was."

There was a puzzled expression on the faces of all as they looked at each other.

"You are honest hard-working men," said Ronyane, "and would not have a thief amongst you if you knew him to be such."

"No sir, we would not," came from all the millers.

"And yet, without knowing him to be such, the thief who robbed the mill has been among you for years."

"Yis, boys, said Shamus, "ye've seen him ivery day, an' he's here this very minute, bad luck to him."

"Who is he, Shamus?" asked James Dooley, "pint him out to us."

"I will——"

"One moment?" interrupted Ronyane.

"I'm in no hurry," said Shamus, as he looked at Tobe, "the thief is on the griddle an' I'd like to keep him there a little longer."

"My friends, as I have no doubt the thief, when he is named, will attempt to escape, those of you who will assist me in preventing him shall have constant employment in the mill, for, remember, I will have *sole* possession of it the first of the month."

Ronyane looked at Alice Moyne and her friends to see what effect his words had upon them.

"Boys," said Shamus, "Mr. Ronyane'd make a good praycher, that is if he'd only prache from the right book, an' not count his chickens before they're hatched; he has no eggs, an' he won't have sole possession o' the mill the first o' the month."

There was an amused smile on Ronyane's face, as he asked, "Who will prevent me, pray?"

"I'm not in the humor to pray," said Shamus, misunderstanding the application of the word, "but I'll tell ye who'll prevent ye, the owner o' the mill, Alice Moyne."

Ronyane laughed loudly. "I defy Alice Moyne, or any of her friends to prove that she owns a blade of grass on this estate."

"A blade o' grass," replied Shamus. "*I*, as one o' her frinds, can prove that she owns enough o' grass on this estate to feed ould Nancy beyant for the rest o' her life."

"Indeed, how can you prove it?"

"By bringing from its hidin' place, the missin' lafe from the Marriage Record, o' Saint Mary's, wid her father an' mother's names on it, an' here it is," said Shamus, as he held it up.

There was a cry of joy from Alice as she

snatched the leaf from the hand of Shamus, while consternation was plainly fixed on the face of Maurice Ronyane.

"It is a forgery," yelled the baffled conspirator.

"That's for you to prove," answered Shamus; "Ye'll have a good witness in Abby Creigh, for 'twas her that took it from the book, to privint you, an' yer hinchman, Tobe O'Keefe, from makin' a bonfire out of it." and with a laugh, the "vagabone" joined the others who had gathered around Alice Moyne to congratulate her, which fact prevented their seeing Ronyane seize Tobe by the throat as he hissed in his ear :

"D—n you, you have lied to me; you told me you burned it."

"Lave go o' my nick," cried the almost strangled wretch, "lave it go, I say, or I'll tell all."

The threat had its effect for, with a suppressed oath, Ronyane pushed him away.

"Whisper Shamus," said Hannora, as she called him away from the others, "there's some more jew on my lips; ye may drink it an' I'll not screech."

After Shamus had moistened his lips with

the nectar from Hannora's, he saw Tobe sneaking away towards his lair.

"Stay where ye are, Tobe O'Keefe."

"What de ye want wid me, Shamus Roe?" asked Tobe, as he turned and faced Shamus.

"I want to tell all here who ye are."

"Ah, sure all here knows me well enough," replied Tobe uneasily.

"Yis," said Shamus, "as the smilin' vagabone o' the Sack O' Flour, but not as the snakin' thief who robbed the mill."

" 'Tis a lie boys, 'tis a lie," screamed Tobe, "Shamus Roe only wants to save himself an' Nale Brandon; they're the thieves, boys, they're the thieves; take thim up."

But not a soul moved to lay their hands on Neil or Shamus.

"You know me very well, Mr. Dooley," said the cringing creature to the old miller.

"Oh, indade I do, Mr. O'Keefe," replied James Dooley, "I know ye *very well;* but divil a much good do I know about ye."

As a last effort to save himself, Tobe approached Shamus and whispered in his ear, but loud enough for the others to hear, so that it would have the desired effect:

"Ye know well Shamus Roe, that I have a

charge agin *you* that would sind ye to the gallows."

"Sind me to the gallows!" repeated Shamus, as he laughed loudly.

"Yis, an' ye want to get me out o' the way so I'll say nothin'."

"Well Tobe, we'll hear your charge byme-by. *Now* I charge you wid robbin' the mill."

"Ye lie, ye can't prove it."

"Wait Tobe," and Shamus called "Danny! Danny!"

"Here I am, Shamus," said the little fellow, as he appeared in the window of the loft. At the sound of his voice, all turned in the direction of the mill, and looked at the "mite" standing in the window, Tobe with his eyes almost bursting out of their sockets.

"Danny, who robbed the mill?" asked Shamus.

"'Twas my uncle Tobe, sur," said the small voice.

"Ye lie, ye divil's toad, ye lie!" roared Tobe, as he rushed towards the mill, but was held back by the men.

"Come down here, Danny, come," said Shamus coaxingly.

"I'm afeared to come down Shamus,"

replied the boy.

"An' well ye may," cried the enraged Tobe, "for if I lay my hand upon ye, I'll skin ye alive."

"Lave go his hands boys," said Shamus to the millers, who had hold of Tobe, "I'll answer for him, that he'll not lay the weight o' one o' thim upon that child; come down Danny."

Danny descended by aid of the open mill door, and ran to the side of Shamus.

"Now Danny, tell us, what time did the robbery take place?"

"'Twas the mid-day hour, Shamus."

"An' where were you, Danny?"

"Above in the loft, sur."

"Now, Danny, the coort is open; tell us in yer own way (as the liars say) what ye heard an' saw that mid-day hour."

"Well, sur, I heard the bell ring an' saw the min, through a knot-hole near the windy, go to their dinner. I was hungry, meself, so I got up and looked about to be sure that me Uncle Tobe was not to the fore, and couldn't bate me, thin I could go and borry the bite to ate. Well, sur, as I stood in the windy above who should I see comin' from the Sack

O' Flour but my uncle an' Mr. Ronyane; they talked about Nale Brandon. Mr. Ronyane said he'd keep him long enough away for my uncle to do the job, thin he folly'd Nale down the river road an' my uncle wint in the mill. Soon he kem out wid his hands full of money; he put it in Nale's coat an' said he'd drive him out o' Glanmire in disgrace; thin he wint in the Sack O' Flour."

"Thin what did you do, Danny?" asked Shamus.

"I kem down an' took the money out o' Nale's coat for fear he'd be took up for stalin' it."

"Where was Nale' coat?"

"On the schoolmaster's cart."

"And where was the cart, Danny?"

"Just where it is now, sur."

As all present knew the location of the cart, none of them looked around, so intent were they on hearing all that Danny said, and they would not remove their eyes from him, fearful of losing an expression of his face. Had any of them looked towards the cart they might have seen the crouching form of Abby Creigh listening to every word.

"Tell me Danny," said the schoolmaster. "Was——"

"Ah," interrupted Tobe. "What's the use o' all this catechism. I took the money but I didn't *stale* it, an' I dun it all at the biddin' o' Maurice Ronyane."

All turned expecting to hear Ronyane deny the accusation, but to their amazement, that worthy gentleman was missing. During the recital of Danny's story, like a whipped cur, he slunk away and disappeared, leaving his confederate, Tobe O'Keefe, to his fate.

"He's gone," said Shamus, as he looked around.

"After him, boys, after him," roared Tobe. "Don't lave him escape. Ketch him, ketch him!"

"No," said Alice Moyne. "Let him go, his conscience will punish him enough."

"Conscience! He has no conscience," winced Tobe, "or he wouldn't lave me here like this. He's as guilty as I am. Thin why don't ye want him took up?"

"For his mother's sake," replied Alice.

"Of course, that's always the way. Him an' her belongs to the quality below in Cork. I'm a poor man an' must suffer, while he

goes free."

"You shall also go free," said Alice, "on one condition, and that is that you pack what belongs to you in the Sack O' Flour, and with your belongings leave this neighborhood. If, when that bell strikes six this evening you are found in this vicinity, I will not be answerable for your freedom."

"Aisy, Miss Alice, aisy," and Shamus stepped forward, "I have a more serious charge agin him than the robbery of the mill."

"Listen all o' ye to *my* charge agin him," said Tobe malignantly.

"Well Tobe," laughed Shamus, "turn about is fair play, what de ye charge me wid."

"The murder o' Father Owen Creigh, no less," said Tobe spitefully.

All looked in astonishment at the audacious wretch who had the assurance to make such a charge against everybody's favorite, Shamus Roe, while the "vagabone" himself was convulsed with laughter.

"Laugh away Shamus Roe," said Tobe, it'll do ye no good. Look at this, schoolmaster." Tobe took a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to Tyler McCabe,

"Read it, Mr. McCabe; I was goin' to sind it by Maurice Ronyane to Cork, but he gave me the slip, bad luck to him."

The schoolmaster opened the paper, and read aloud:

To the Sheriff of Cork County:—If ye'll sind at once a parcel o' min up the lower road to the mill o' Mr. Ronyane, I'll give up to ye, Shamus Roe. He murdered the priest, Father Owen, two years ago; he tould me so. I'll be lookin' for ye soon. Tobe O'Keefe.

"What do you mane by this?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Ain't it plane enough?" answered Tobe. "I mane that he kilt Father Owen, an' I'm goin' to have him took up.

Astonishment at the audacity of Tobe made Shamus Roe dumb.

"Sarch him, schoolmaster," continued O'Keefe, "an ye'll find a knife upon him."

"A knife!" exclaimed Jerry Roe.

"Yis," said Tobe, "sarch him."

"What knife are ye talkin' about man?" asked Tyler.

"*The knife that kilt Father Owen*," said Shamus, as he took it from the waistband of his breeches, and held it up.

There was a cry of horror from the women while the men shuddered, as Shamus held

the shining blade aloft.

"Where did ye get that knife Shamus?" asked his uncle.

"There," said Shamus, as he threw the knife on the table.

"'Tis a lie!" shouted Tobe, "he had it wid him ever since the priest was kilt, he tould me so."

"Who tould ye so?" inquired the schoolmaster.

"Shamus Roe, last night, above on the crag.

"What wor you doin' ——"

Shamus interrupted his uncle.

"Lave him go on, uncle Jurry, I want ye all to hear what I tould him; folly on Tobe, what did I tell ye last night on the crag?"

"I'll tell ye the truth, boys," said Tobe without a tremor of the voice. "I wint up last night to the haunted chapel wid Maurice Ronyane, to get the book for to show Alice Moyne. Whin he wint inside o' the chapel, I staid on the outside for fear anyone'd come, an' I was to warn him. Well, I was there for a short spell, whin who should I see be the moonlight, comin' up the lane, but Shamus Roe. What can he want here at this hour

o' the night say's I to meself, sure it can't be for any good that he's comin' upon the crag; so up I climbs in a tree to watch him; he sat upon the wall just under me, he began to smoke his pipe. He was puffin' away hard an' fast, whin the ould organ inside o' the chapel began to play. That must have frightened the life nearly out o' him, for he took to his heels. "Stay where ye are," says I. "Who are ye?" says he, comin' to a full stop. "The ghost o' Father Owen," says I. At that boys, he fell upon his knees, an' axin' me to forgive him, confessed that it was he that dun the murder. That's the truth, an' I'll swear to it."

"Well, Tobe," said Shamus, "after that I'll give ye credit for havin' brass enough to swear the horns off the divil's forehead. Listen to me, boys," and Shamus turned towards the millers. "That's the very story I was goin' to tell meself, only that it was I that was in the tree, an' that murtherin villain was grovelin in the dust below me; he kilt Father Owen, an' the knife, *his knife*, lyin' on that table is the weapon with which it was dun, an' his hand the hand that dun it."

"Don't believe him, boys, ah, don't believe him," whined Tobe.

"Aisy, Mr. O'Keefe," said Tim Hogan, a miller who had over two months' account on Tobe's slate. "We've heard your story, an' I think that's its no more than our juty to hould Shamus Roe till the shiriff comes."

"Av course 'tis yer juty, Mr. Hogan," cried Tobe.

"Take hould o' him, boys," said Tobe's friend. There was a movement of two or three of the millers towards Shamus as Little Danny stepped between him and them.

"If ye plaze, don't touch Shamus Roe," said the boy. "It wasn't him that dun it. It was my uncle. Sarch him an' ye'll find inside o' his waistcoat *the sale ring o' Father Owen.*

"Out upon ye, ye imp o' darkness," screamed Tobe, as he rushed between the millers, and ran down the road towards the river.

"Come, boys, lets after him ; don't lave him escape," shouted Shamus.

"Stay where ye are, commanded Tyler McCabe, as the men were about to follow Tobe, "and hear me; don't be led into any

deed of violence, boys, I believe Tobe O'Keefe confessed to Shamus Roe that he done the murder, but that confession was done through fear, as the superstitious fool thought he was talking to a ghost, and no jury in the land would convict him on the confession.

"But the ring," said Shamus.

"Is in the river by this time," replied the schoolmaster, "or I don't know Tobe O'Keefe; he'll come back, take my word for it; he'll not desart the Sack O' Flour, while there's a thing in it that belongs to him. Murder will out, boys, and now that we have a clue, we'll folly it up, but we must have stronger proof than a confession made through fear."

"The schoolmaster's right," said Jerry Roe. "Go to your dinners boys; take yer time over yer male. Say nothin' about what ye heard here, an' we may cage the fox yet."

There was grumbling among some of the millers (who were evidently dissatisfied at the turn affairs had taken) as they started for their respective homes.

The voice of Molly Duffy, who was standing in the cottage door, was heard calling:

"Miss Alice, the dinner'll spile if ye don't come an' ate it."

"Lave it spile," said Shamus sulkily, out of temper with the schoolmaster for preventing him from following Tobe.

"That would be a sin, Shamus," replied Tyler (who never was known to let a dinner spile). "Come lave us go, an' before partakin' of our noon-day male, lave us humbly bow our heads to God, and thank him for the many blessin's he has bestowed on us."

In silence, but with joy in their hearts, the little party, led by Alice and Neil, entered the cottage.

As the door closed upon them, Abby Creigh came from behind the cart, and looking cautiously around stealthily approached the table; picking up the knife which Shamus Roe had thrown there, she concealed it in the folds of her shawl, and started down the river road in the same direction that Tobe O'Keefe had gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MILLER OF GLANMIRE.

Again did the bell on the old mill give forth its sonorous sound, but as yet none of the millers (save Paddy, the bellringer) had returned to resume their labors, for the reason, I suppose, that Jerry Roe had told them to "take time over their male." His friends in the cottage were certainly following his advice, for none of them had risen from Alice Moyne's table, until they were startled by a loud knocking at the cottage door. Neil Brandon opened the door, and there found James Dooley, pale and trembling, and almost out of breath.

"What is it, Dooley, what's the matter?" asked Neil.

"Oh, sur; Mr. Brandon, come some o' ye

quick," replied Dooley, "Tobe O'Keefe, sur."

"Has he come back?" inquired Shamus, as he rushed out of the cottage.

"No fear o' him comin' back, Shamus," answered Dooley.

"Thin what about him?" asked the schoolmaster.

"He's dead, sur."

"Dead!"

"Yis sur, wid a knife in his heart, below on the river's bank.'"

"God be merciful to him!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, as they all followed James Dooley down the river road, and there near the beautiful river Lee, lay Tobe O'Keefe, *his own knife buried to the hilt in his heart.*

Next day, the Coronor's jury returned a verdict of *suicide.* Let us hope that their verdict was a truthful one; be that as it may.

After Tobe O'Keefe's death, the "beautiful music" was never heard in the little chapel on the crag; nor was poor demented Abby Creigh ever seen in or about Glanmire.

The contents of the Sack O' Flour (slate and all) made a *beautyfull* bonfire for the boys. The little cabin stands where it did,

but is now used as an office, where the miller transacts his business. Peace and plenty today reign supreme in the vicinity of the old mill. Maurice Ronyane is often seen at his club in Cork, but he never visits that part of Glanmire where *we* last saw him.

Con Fagin and Mary Grady are married; Nancy is determined to die an old maid, while Mrs. Grady still goes out, *now an' thin*, to do the bit o' washin' for the quality.

After his uncle's death, Danny was sent for a few years to school, and is now head man in the mill, taking Neil Brandon's place.

In a beautiful cottage on Barrack Hill (in the city) lives Neil Brandon (now a prosperous wholesale flour merchant on P——k st.) and his beautiful wife, Alice.

Tyler McCabe, the schoolmaster, has gone to join Hannora's mother.

While our old friend, Jerry Roe, has retired from business, his only occupation now, is to sit in front of his cottage (once Alice Moyne's) and watch Tyler, Alice and Jerry, children of Shamus and Hannora, play upon the green.

The bell rings as usual; the old wheel revolves as of yore. There is no change about

the mill, save one; instead of the sign which first greeted your eye, *Ronyane & Roe*, you will now read *Shamus Roe*, "the Miller of Glanmire."

THE END.

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